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The Shape of Things

PHALANGIST ACTIVITIES IN LATIN AMERICA have at last become a matter of real concern to the State Department. An official memorandum finds that the Spanish, and to a certain extent the French, have taken over the burden of Nazi propaganda in the Latin republics. Franco is reported to be forming an official news agency to disseminate German propaganda south of the Rio Grande. Short-wave broadcasts are being organized in both Spanish and Portuguese. Since October 16 all Spanish propaganda, both internal and external, has been directed by the Secretary of the Phalanx, General José Luis de Arrese. The Nazi program is being actively fostered by the Phalangist organizations where they exist, especially in Mexico and Peru. All of this is scarcely news to readers of *The Nation*. As early as July, 1940, this magazine called attention editorially to the fact that Phalangist groups were acting as Axis agents in Latin America, and more than a year ago—November 23, 1940—carried a detailed account of Phalangist activities in the Caribbean. We trust that from now on the State Department will prevent Phalangist agents from passing through this country en route to their posts.

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THE AGREEMENT BETWEEN MEXICO AND THE United States, described in some detail on another page by our Washington editor, should do much to cement the new friendship between the two countries. Although the oil question is still unsettled, a procedure has at last been set up for settling it. And as Mr. Stone points out, that procedure represents a definite setback for the American and British companies which have been endeavoring to regain control of the wells. The American companies are not at all happy about the arrangement, but they are left with little choice except to attempt to obtain the best terms possible under the new agreement. Critics stress the fact that the financing of the highway construction and the silver purchases will place a heavy additional burden on the American taxpayer. But the highways contribute to American as well as Mexican defense, and American mining companies rather than Mexico will profit most from the silver subsidy.

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BY A VOTE OF 167 to 141 THE HOUSE HAS defeated the Hobbs "concentration camp" bill and shown a capacity to resist reactionary hysteria that others, notably Attorney General Francis Biddle, might well emulate. Although sections placed in the bill to sugarcoat it for Justice Jackson when he was Attorney General were struck out, the Department of Justice was still prepared to back the measure. These sections would have widened the power of the Attorney General to grant relief in certain so-called "hardship cases," where otherwise reputable aliens might be deported. Hobbs, at the end of the debate on the bill, gave the game away when he asked what the Department of Justice would do if Australia refused to take Harry Bridges back. The case against the bill was ably presented by Congressman Celler for the minority opposing it in the House Judiciary Committee. Celler said that under the Hobbs bill an alien might be seized upon good grounds or bad by an administrative officer and interned for life without a jury trial. "The bill," he declared, "smacks too much of the *lettres de cachet* of the Bourbon monarchs or the concentration camps of totalitarian governments." The majority against it in the House indicates that both Jackson and Biddle could have won credit by fighting a bill that ran counter to their basic philosophies instead of weakly giving in to what they wrongly considered an irresistible undertow.

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A YEAR AGO IN A REPORT FROM DETROIT *The Nation's* Washington editor, I. F. Stone, called attention to the failure of defense authorities to utilize the machine-tool capacity of the automobile industry. Now a Senate committee headed by Senator Truman of Missouri reports that half our machine-tool facilities during the past year have been lost to the defense program as a result of this failure, which was "partly due to the unwillingness to use small concerns not previously engaged in machine-tool production, and partly due to the failure to force large manufacturers, such as the automobile manufacturers, to use their machine-tool departments for defense instead of for retooling for new models." The interim report of this best of all the Congressional committees dealing with defense is concerned with "Priorities and the Utilization of Existing Manufacturing Facilities." The committee criticizes army and navy procurement officials and the OPM for not utilizing existing facilities in the defense program and for following "the line of least resistance" in providing for new factories instead. The committee finds that this policy favors the larger manufacturers and, in combination with the scarcity of raw materials, is driving smaller businesses to the wall. It supports the Odlum plan for allocating enough materials to our smallest manufacturers—130,000 employing fewer than twenty persons each—to keep them alive until they can find a place in the defense program.

DR. GOEBBELS HAS ONCE AGAIN TAKEN UP his pen to warn the German people of the folly of expecting an early and victorious end to the war. On November 6 he told them in the magazine *Reich* that they must resign themselves to "hard and relentless" war and that failure to win would consign the nation to an "inferno beside which all past hardships will pale." Now, in another article written for the same magazine he declares: "We do not belong to those dreamers and illusionists who prophesy the collapse of the British Empire tomorrow or the day after tomorrow." This wintry mood of cautious realism is far removed from the dogmatic optimism which Goebbels was displaying last spring. The *Neue Zurcher Zeitung* in its issue of March 10, 1941, published a dispatch from its Berlin correspondent paraphrasing a statement by Goebbels as follows: "He was convinced that a total German victory was imminent. . . . So far no National Socialist leader had ever announced a deadline for the completion of a certain task. This had now occurred for the first time when Hitler said that Britain would be defeated in the course of this year. With this statement the leadership of the German nation had undertaken a moral responsibility which it was going to live up to." It is worth while to recapitulate some of the events which have proved Goebbels a bad prophet: Hitler's costly failure to win a rapid and decisive victory over Russia, the vast improvement of the British position in the Atlantic, the increasing American participation in the war, and the rising curve of American armament production. These are all good reasons for pessimism on Goebbels's part; they ought equally to prove an antidote to defeatism on our side of the fence.

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THE MOST NOTABLE OF OUR DOMESTIC defeatists, Herbert Hoover, in his recent speech at Chicago quite ignored the causes of Goebbels's gloom. He expressed the conviction that the combined power and resources of the United States, the British Empire, and the U. S. S. R. were too feeble to overcome the might of eighty million Germans or to force Hitler to relax his hold on the twenty nations he now dominates. The war, Mr. Hoover said, has settled down into a military stalemate, and the best remaining chance for the destruction of Hitler is the resistance of the conquered peoples "now seething with unquenchable hatred." It follows, according to the ex-President's logic, that we should make it plain to these rebels who are to abolish Nazism for us that they will never get the help of American forces. A new American expeditionary force, Mr. Hoover argued, was a sheer physical impossibility. The necessary shipping and equipment could not be produced in less than five years, and even then we could never land an army in Europe. Therefore we must decide now not to contemplate such a physically impossible project lest "the

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wholesale loss of the best of our race . . . maim the progress of America for two generations." Although he believes the peril to Britain is past, Mr. Hoover now favors that aid to Britain which he strenuously opposed when that peril was at its height. He supports preparedness for defense but thinks that we "can dismiss at once the bogy that Hitler can invade the Western Hemisphere. . . ." These contradictions arise from Mr. Hoover's attempt to dodge the inescapable alternatives which face us. We must either smash Hitlerism, no matter what the cost, or be prepared, at best, to accept as a counterpoise to Nazi domination of the Old World the permanent militarization of the New.

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WE ARE DELIGHTED TO HEAR THAT THE motion-picture censors of New York State have granted permission for the public showing in its entirety of "The Forgotten Village," a beautiful documentary film made in a Mexican village by Herbert Kline and John Steinbeck. The censors had demanded the deletion of scenes showing a woman nursing a baby and suffering the throes of childbirth on the ground that they were "indecent" and "inhuman." The producers of the film based their successful appeal on the contention that the picture deals with an important theme "in a truthful, restrained, and dignified manner." We are sure their view will be confirmed by the public.

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ROSE M. STEIN, WHO DIED LAST SUNDAY, will be missed by many people in many walks of life, for her interest and her investigations covered not only labor, her primary concern, but the whole social structure of which it is a part. Her name will be spoken with a special kind of affection in the homes of workers in the steel towns around Pittsburgh. She was a familiar figure in the dingy streets and smoke-stained houses of Aliquippa and Homestead, of Weirton and McKeesport, and over a period of years she had established herself so firmly as a trusted friend that to be introduced by Rose Stein was to be welcomed without question in communities trained by company spies to be suspicious of all newcomers. Her faith in the courage and sense of working men and women was deep; it was neither humorless nor romantic, for it was based on an intimate knowledge of workers as human beings, and that knowledge saved her from the dehumanizing sentimentality about "the worker" which so many "friends of labor" indulge in. Her extensive first-hand observation, her understanding not only of labor's problems but of their relation to larger social issues, and the confidence and respect she commanded from trade unionists made her one of the best informed and most reliable of contemporary writers in the field. *The Nation* has lost a highly valued contributor; and working people, in and out of unions, have lost a courageous and truly disinterested defender.

The Battle of the Mediterranean

LAST week the Battle of the Mediterranean, which since the fall of Crete had been more or less suspended, again flared into the headlines. In Libya the British seized the initiative and drove westward in a powerful attack designed to surround and crush the Axis forces. But on the political front the Nazis took the offensive in an effort to secure all-out collaboration from Vichy and thus obtain the use of the French fleet and colonies as crutches for their limping Italian partner.

It would be a mistake to consider the British campaign in Libya as a hasty attempt to create a second front in response to political pressure. It does to some extent meet Russian requests for a diversion, although it cannot be expected to exert any rapid influence on the situation on the eastern front, but it is clearly a drive dictated by long-term strategy. For many months Britain has been preparing for this offensive, and it is now easy to see why Winston Churchill was not willing to undertake a simultaneous expedition against the Continent. Britain under any circumstances was bound to maintain strong forces in Egypt, for Suez and Gibraltar are among the most powerful anchors of British sea power, and both are endangered by the Axis bridgehead in North Africa. Therefore, the British General Staff must have argued last summer, it would be a wise policy to build up the garrison in Egypt until it was strong enough to act as a striking force and pass from the defensive to the offensive.

There are other good reasons for choosing the Mediterranean rather than Northwestern Europe as a battleground. The British navy has chased the Italian fleet into harbor and has constantly harassed the Axis supply lines. Steaming along the North African coasts it can cooperate with the army and in return receive the protection of shore-based aircraft. Politically also there is much to be said for hammering at Italy, which is suffering from war-weariness and totalitarian dry-rot. Perhaps the Nazi grip on that country is too strong for it to be knocked right out of the war, but Hitler might possibly be forced to send an army of occupation south of the Alps in order to sustain Mussolini's authority. And that would be a military as well as a political gain.

As we write, the battle in eastern Libya is still undecided. Outflanking the heavily fortified Axis positions along the Egyptian frontier, British armored columns have driven west and north, relieving Tobruk and capturing Bardia and other strategic positions. General Rommel's army seems to have been split up into several isolated groups, and although the Germans, at least, are putting up a desperate fight, there is good reason to hope it will shortly be forced to capitulate. It can be taken for granted that the British command will press home its

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attack regardless of losses, for this is a battle which it cannot afford to lose. The stakes are much higher than the sandy wastes of Libya and Tripoli; they are the control of North Africa and the Mediterranean.

The Nazi diplomatic putsch in Vichy is a realistic reply to Britain's desert offensive, for it now begins to look as if the Axis cannot hold its own in the Mediterranean without a greater degree of collaboration from the French. By securing the dismissal of Weygand from his viceroyship in North Africa Hitler won an initial success, some of the results of which are discussed by Jay Allen in an article on page 535. Now Marshal Pétain, having been persuaded to throw away his one high card, is going to have his hand called at a meeting with Göring and, perhaps, Hitler. According to reports from Berne, he will be asked to accept a draft treaty guaranteeing French territories apart from Alsace-Lorraine, which will be ceded to Germany. Release of the French prisoners of war and further reductions in occupation costs will be offered in return for adhesion to the Axis and the use of the French fleet and North African bases against Britain. Although some qualified observers believe that the old Marshal will refuse these terms, the available evidence suggests that he has lost the power to resist.

But would his waning prestige with the French people survive such a betrayal? Would they make collaboration effective by accepting the deal? That is the problem which Hitler has to solve before he can use France in the Battle of the Mediterranean. We ought to make it tougher for him by throwing all our weight on the other side. The dismissal of Weygand was a heavy defeat for the State Department, which had been nursing him along in the belief that he would remain a bulwark against German penetration of North Africa. Similarly we have been attempting to stiffen Pétain by holding his hand and not criticizing. But these tactics have prevented us from encouraging De Gaulle and supporting the opposition to collaboration inside France. Our policy has been discredited by the new developments at Vichy, and late as it is, we should reverse it. The extension of Lease-Lend aid to the Free French colonies and the revocation of export licenses for Vichy Africa are a good beginning, but only a beginning. Let the United States government use every short-wave channel at its command to tell the French people that we are determined to bring about the downfall of Nazism. Let Admiral Leahy inform Pétain that any new move toward collaboration will mean his withdrawal from Vichy and recognition of De Gaulle, and let us see that this news is broadcast in France. By helping the French people to reject the role now being prepared for them we can make a real contribution to the winning of the Mediterranean and the safeguarding from German rule of Dakar and the French African colonies, in which we have a vital interest.

Oh, You Mean Arbitrate?

ON OCTOBER 24 President Roosevelt asked John L. Lewis to submit the captive-coal-mine dispute to arbitration. John L. Lewis refused. On November 18 the President again suggested arbitration, with an alternative proposal that the present situation with regard to the closed shop be frozen throughout the entire industry for the duration of the national emergency. John L. Lewis refused both alternatives.

On November 22 the President for the third time urged arbitration. This time, before the proposal could be made public, John L. Lewis joyfully accepted. The mine workers, he told the President, "are happy to make this contribution in the public interest."

Just one month had intervened between Lewis's first refusal to arbitrate and his sudden conviction that "this arrangement provides for an honest determination of the issue." In that month the country witnessed two walkouts in the vital coal industry, involving some 90,000 men; it saw a rising tide of public resentment against strikes in defense industry; it watched reactionary elements in Congress, making political capital of that resentment, threaten to wipe out the gains labor has made since 1933 and even to stand the nation's foreign policy on its head if need be to realize their purpose; it saw the dissolution of the National Mediation Board, which had stultified itself in the face of that Congressional threat.

John L. Lewis may win the decision at the hands of the arbitration board; it is highly probable, in fact, that he will. But his victory will have been bought at the price of a month of dangerous turbulence, with consequences that are still to come, and by a method which could have been tried without any cost at all in the first place. That is something less than strategical genius, whatever the outcome.

Nobody has yet shown John L. Lewis to be a fool, however, and it is inconceivable that if a simple settlement of this dispute were all he had in mind he would have proceeded in this remarkably roundabout fashion. It is true that he may be particularly satisfied with the personnel of the present board, which besides himself includes Benjamin Fairless, president of the United States Steel Corporation, and Dr. John R. Steelman, director of the United States Conciliation Service. But the arbitration proposal that he previously spurned called for a board headed by himself and Myron C. Taylor, whom only last month he called "an industrial statesman of far-seeing vision," the man with whom he had so successfully worked out a settlement in the captive-mine controversy of 1934. Yet before a third man could be proposed, Lewis on that occasion rejected the whole idea of arbitration out of hand.

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Lewis's sudden conversion to arbitration the day after the C. I. O. convention adjourned lends weight to the general suspicion that he had bigger fish to fry. The campaign was timed beautifully to coincide with the convention. Here was a unique opportunity to recapture his leadership on the unassailable issue of the union shop, and at the same time to embarrass the President and perhaps throw a wrench in his foreign policy. If these were in fact his objectives, he has failed in all of them. As Richard Rovere shows in his article elsewhere in this issue, the convention backed Lewis only so far as the issue of the union shop compelled its support; its real confidence and loyalty went to Philip Murray.

As for the President, he has emerged from the ordeal with dignity and increased stature. Blackmailed by Congressional primitives in the week of the neutrality debate, assailed on all sides by demands for troops and strong-arm methods, he persisted doggedly in his efforts to bring about a settlement that would not demoralize the country's productive fighting force. In this he succeeded, but he will probably not be able to avert legislative curbs on labor in some form or other. As we go to press, he is reported to have given his sanction to a bill calling for compulsory arbitration in defense industries. Labor legislation is always dynamite, and the best we can hope for is that responsible leaders like Murray will have a chance to aid in drafting a measure that will reduce friction during the emergency without sacrificing the gains labor has made these past eight years.

Japan's Terms

NEGOTIATIONS between the United States and Japan have reached a crucial stage. Events this week may determine whether Japan will be permanently checked in its aggression or be able to win a breathing-spell in which to recoup its resources for further advances. At the moment the situation is distinctly disturbing. Secretary Hull's midnight conference with Japan's two diplomatic representatives must be regarded with anxiety by those who wish to see this country maintain a strong policy. This anxiety is not lessened by Washington rumors that Japan might be offered relaxation of economic curbs in return for undertaking to refrain from new moves either south or north. We do not know precisely what terms Japan has offered, but we have an official statement by the head of the Japanese government, Premier Tojo, to the effect that any settlement would have to embrace three points: (1) abandonment by the United States of aid for China; (2) resumption of normal trade relations between the United States and Japan; and (3) guaranties that the war will not spread to the Far East. The Japanese press has placed such great emphasis on these demands that it is difficult to see how the government could conclude an agreement which did not yield at least their substance.

Reports from Japanese sources in Shanghai describe the offer which is supposed to have been made to the United States in greater detail. Japan is said to be willing to withdraw from Indo-China and to promise not to invade Siberia in return for an American agreement to the foregoing conditions and assistance in negotiating peace between China and Japan. It might be possible to conceive of an agreement somewhat along these lines if neither China nor Adolf Hitler existed. But the United States dare not thus abandon China, and there is no indication that Japan intends to abandon Hitler by ceasing to be a threat to American interests in the Pacific.

The situation with regard to China is a particularly difficult one. While there is every reason to believe that Japan would be willing to evacuate the greater part of southern and central China as part of a general settlement, considerations of "face" almost certainly preclude the complete evacuation of China, including Manchuria. Yet China obviously cannot be satisfied with anything less than the restoration of its territories, probably including Formosa. Since the struggle in China involves basic questions of freedom of trade as against Japanese domination of all manufacture and commerce, it is to the interest of the United States, both politically and economically, to give full support to China. In this connection, some of the reports coming out of Washington have been disquieting. It is rumored that the United States is merely insisting that *most* of China be evacuated. We sincerely hope that this report did not emanate from official sources. For the part of China that Japan is most anxious to retain is Manchuria and the five northern provinces of China proper. These are the areas which are richest in natural resources, the least overpopulated, and the most vital to China's defenses against Japanese encroachment. And it is evident that the future peace of the Pacific depends on a strong, independent China, capable of holding its own against a militaristic Japan.

Equally important from the point of view of the United States is a definite repudiation by Japan of its Axis ties. This also will be difficult to achieve. While Japan is not so sure as it once was that Germany is destined to be victor in the European conflict, it wants to be in a position to cash in if Hitler wins. To do this it must continue to play Hitler's game, at least in part, in the Pacific. Moreover, the formal repudiation of the Axis pact would involve an intolerable loss of face for the present rulers of Japan. Yet this country must insist on at least tacit repudiation of the pact. There could be no greater folly than to resume shipments of crucial war materials to a nation which is pledged to aid Germany if the Nazis become involved in war with the United States and even now is reshipping American supplies to Hitler.

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Good Neighbor at Last

BY I. F. STONE

WHEN Josephus Daniels several weeks ago submitted his resignation as ambassador to Mexico, the President asked him to make one more trip to Mexico City before leaving his post. On his return Ambassador Daniels brought with him a personal letter from President Camacho to President Roosevelt expressing the former's deep anxiety over the failure of the two countries to complete an accord on the oil-expropriation and other questions unsettled between them. Last Monday Ambassador Daniels conferred with Secretary Hull. On Tuesday he saw Mr. Roosevelt at the White House. The following afternoon Secretary Hull and Francisco Castillo Nájera, Mexican Ambassador to the United States, signed a six-point agreement between this country and Mexico. The President, Mr. Hull, and Ambassador Daniels, and the liberals in the Latin American Division of the State Department, notably Laurence Duggan, deserve the country's gratitude for this accord. In this settlement with Mexico our government has resisted the powerful influences of the American and Anglo-Dutch oil monopolies and taken its stand with the people of Mexico and their aspirations to control their own resources.

There is good reason to suspect that the final consummation of this accord was not easy. Public statements made by President Camacho at the time of his inauguration last January indicated that he expected an agreement to be signed within a few days. Ambassador Daniels felt that it could have been signed months ago. He wanted to see peace made between this country and Mexico over expropriations before he retired. No ambassador from this country had ever won the same affection from the Mexican people. His influence was steadily exerted against the oil companies and in favor of Mexico. Dwight Morrow talked the Mexicans out of their revolution, smoothly and suavely and effectively. Josephus Daniels helped them proceed with it. He is a veteran of the days when the Democratic Party under William Jennings Bryan made anti-imperialism one of its principal rallying-cries. If he was also, by one of those pranks that history and the possession of power play on men, the Secretary of the Navy under whom Vera Cruz was ordered bombed, his eight years in Mexico City and this agreement more than wipe the slate clean. They also atone for any part that might have been taken in that proceeding by his youthful Assistant Secretary, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

This agreement is important to the defense of the United States. It will give Mexico funds to complete the inter-American system of highways from California to Mexico City and from Mexico City to the Guatemalan border; the day may come when we shall need these roads for armies going south. We have no navy bases between San Diego and the Panama Canal, and there are half a dozen harbors on the west coast of Mexico at which President Camacho has agreed to provide facilities our navy might some day use. Mexico has strategic materials, such as copper, zinc, lead, mercury, and fibers, essential to our defense program, and American capital is needed to expand their production. Above all else, we need the confidence of the Mexican people. We need to make them feel that we intend to make the Good Neighbor policy a reality and to withdraw the support of our government from "Yanqui imperialists." This the agreement does, and in so striking a fashion that I believe it will win us new friends and create new trust in us among all the peoples of Latin America.

The Standard Oil and Royal Dutch Shell interests had hoped to block a settlement of agrarian claims—some of them going back as far as 1868—and the resumption of silver buying and loans to Mexico until they could get their properties back. They hoped to use Mexico's financial need to force an agreement whereby they could go back into Mexico ostensibly as managers of their properties but under a lease so long and terms so onerous as to be the equivalent of ownership. In some respects they hoped for even more favorable terms than those they had before expropriation. They wanted a guaranty of no labor troubles and a promise that there would be no increase in taxes during the term of the lease. The term itself was to extend as much as fifty years, ample time in oil-company opinion to foment a counter-revolution that might further improve the position of the American and Anglo-Dutch trusts.

Important to the oil companies was the maintenance of an unofficial embargo on the sale of Mexican oil. The existence of such an embargo, first revealed by this correspondent in *The Nation* of November 30, 1940, is now tacitly admitted by the State Department. In November a year ago I stated that the Navy Department, on instructions from the State Department, chose to pay Standard Oil 89 cents a barrel for a half-million barrels of fuel oil rather than accept a low bid of 79 cents from Eastern States Petroleum, a small company refining Mexican crude. The Maloney committee hearings last month showed that this unofficial embargo was still in effect

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Point 17 of Secretary Hull's letter to Ambassador Nájera thus represents a major victory for Mexico. "The government of the United States," Secretary Hull wrote, "will facilitate negotiations between the government of Mexico and representatives of such oil companies as may be interested in an agreement for the marketing of exports of Mexican petroleum products." This may hurt the big oil companies, but it will help American industry, for Mexican wells produce an unusually good grade of industrial fuel oil, perhaps the one kind of oil in which some shortage is possible.

By settling the agrarian claims, providing American loans, and lifting the unofficial embargo on Mexican oil, our government has taken the screws off Mexico. The oil companies must now negotiate a separate settlement under circumstances no longer unfavorable to Mexico. The oil companies still have bargaining points, but they are legitimate ones. Perhaps the chief point in the favor of the companies is the inability of the Mexican government to run the oil properties efficiently. Mexico could use the managerial and engineering ability of our big oil companies. On that basis it should be possible to arrange an agreement fair to both sides, but it is clear that the companies can no longer hope to get their properties back, and that they cannot hope to obtain payment for subsoil rights. Although it is well known by now that Mexican subsoil rights were always reserved to the state, our companies have insisted on laying claim to the oil in the ground and placing fantastic valuations upon it. It is this which explains the wide gap separating the $400,000,000 figure of which the oil companies talk and the sums a tenth that size which the Mexicans are willing to pay. Nothing is said of subsoil rights in the agreement negotiated by the two governments, and the absence of any reference to them is itself an implicit acceptance of Mexican law on the point—law, it must again be emphasized, which goes back to the Spanish crown. This acquiescence by silence may turn out to be the most important of the bargaining weapons given Mexico against our oil companies by this Good Neighbor accord.

Philip Murray Takes Over

BY RICHARD H. ROVERE

Detroit, November 22

EXCEPT for the roundhouse punches swung by Denny Lewis and his mob in the lobby of the Detroit Statler, the fourth convention of the Congress of Industrial Organizations was a dull and perfunctory affair. Not a single speech was made nor a vote cast against any proposition that came to the floor. Every resolution was adopted unanimously, every one of last year's officers unanimously reelected. The intellectual level of floor debate, if such it could be called, was discouragingly low. The Communists raised the roof every time a speaker let it be known that he thought ill of Hitler, but even their enthusiasm was not contagious enough to hide the half-heartedness of the applause or the delegates' preoccupation with other matters, notably John L. Lewis and the captive miners. The thirty-three-minute demonstration for Philip Murray at the close of the sessions on Friday was not really part of the convention but a sigh of relief drawn by the delegates after laying down a story that seemed likely to end, but happily did not, with the hero and his chums being chewed to pieces by a large, bushy-browed lion.

Uninspired though it was, the convention did make important decisions. They were forced upon it by the hour in which it met and the internal crises which it faced. That they were for the most part wise and courageous decisions was due almost entirely to the personal wisdom and courage of Philip Murray, who not only emerged from the shadow of John L. Lewis but, once in the light, showed himself a far greater protagonist of labor than Lewis ever was. The unanimity of the convention, in fact, was, as unanimity generally is, only a blind for bitter factionalism behind the scenes; had it not been for Murray's brilliant generalship of a reluctant army, the differences might have broken out into something far more serious than the fisticuffs in the Statler barracks. At any one of a dozen points Murray might have blundered or weakened, but he never did. If labor's position is still less enviable than it might be, the fault is not Philip Murray's.

Murray's command of the convention was signalized by his establishment of three points of C. I. O. policy, each of which met powerful opposition within the organization. He had, first of all, to get substantial backing for the captive-mine strike. He may not have approved Lewis's action in bringing the issue to a head in the first place; there is plenty of evidence that he did not. An official of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee, to which Murray has devoted a great deal of his time in the last five years, told me that as a result of the coal strike the union shop in steel had already lost the pledged support of President Roosevelt. But Lewis had called the tune and the strike. For Murray the issue was no longer, if it ever had been, one between sane and irresponsible

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unionism; from the moment the National Defense Mediation Board handed down its decision it was a fight between the steel trust and the United Mine Workers, and Murray's Scotch conscience left him no choice but to stand four-square with the union. When the convention opened, plenty of delegates were ready to scuttle the U. M. W., while the Communists and Hillmanites, who consummated a deal that made them the most powerful block of delegates, made it clear through their spokesmen, Mike Quill and Leo Krzycki, that they would have been delighted to give the coal diggers something less than all-out aid and get along to other business. But Murray believed in the miners' cause if not in their leader's timing, and he pulled hard against those who would have taken their revenge on Lewis at the expense of his union.

The situation was exactly reversed on foreign policy, the second point which Murray fought for and won. The delegations from the mine workers and the Construction Workers' Organizing Committee, both ruled by the Lewis dynasty, would gladly have struck back at President Roosevelt and Sidney Hillman by a fight to withhold support from the defense program. While there was never any question that most of the delegates stood behind the Administration's foreign policy, the Lewis forces, if Murray had handled them less skilfully or if their strike had been disapproved, could have made the convention that voted aid to Britain and Russia look like Saturday night in a coal-mining town. As it was, they sat glumly but noiselessly in their seats at the convention hall and confined their brawling to the recesses. The C. I. O. is committed to the war effort and will offer no hindrance to further measures against Hitler.

Everyone was interested in John L. Lewis and in Adolf Hitler, but when the future organizing plans of the C. I. O. were being presented, the convention was more than usually listless. In some quarters the C. I. O. has reached that state of satisfied inertia which, when it began to stifle the A. F. of L., brought about the split of 1936. Philip Murray, however, reached his most persuasive heights when he assured the delegates, the government, industry, and the public that "not even a grave national emergency will stop us from organizing." The clothing workers, in an almost completely organized industry, and the Stalinists, who have one-track minds, would sooner concentrate exclusively on pressing the war against Germany, but Murray really believes that a war for democracy must be a war prosecuted with vigor on two fronts. (No more convincing presentation of this point of view has been made than the one to be found in Murray's report to the convention, an impressive political and economic document.) In laying the groundwork for a huge organizing campaign he won the last of the three points that struck me as his fundamental victories over a group of delegates with far less courage and imagination than he possessed. During the coming year the C. I. O. will attempt to wind up its organization of Big and Little Steel and will start to work on the oil industry. It will drive hard into the South with a two-pronged attack on the exploitation of Southern labor and on such malodorous institutions as the poll tax. It is a fact, though it was not brought out at the convention, that more energy, talent, and money will be expended to open up the South in the coming year than was spent to crack the Ford empire this year and last.

The arrogant and unreliable John L. Lewis has been replaced as the real leader of the C. I. O. by Philip Murray, and that in itself is satisfying. His control of 600,000 miners leaves Lewis considerable power to undermine Murray's leadership, but it is doubtful that he can succeed so long as the present mood of the country prevails and so long as Murray builds a new base for support of his policies by organizing the unorganized. But the health of a movement like the C. I. O. is not entirely dependent upon the character of its leadership or upon its constant expansion. It is, for one thing, dependent upon internal democracy, and of that there was very little in Detroit last week. It is certainly a fact that the decision of most conventions are made by the boys in the back room; but even in Nazi Germany there must be internal differences which have to be hammered out before the totalitarian front is presented to the world. The C. I. O. convention presented an appalling unanimity that was false to the view of any well-informed observer. I know of one group of fifteen or sixteen delegates who were honest non-interventionists but who simply did not dare to express their views on the foreign-policy resolution—which, incidentally, was drafted by Lee Pressman, who came up from Washington, D. C., as the delegate from Contra Costa County, California. This false show of unanimity was even tactically unnecessary, since the percentage of delegates that privately opposed the resolution was so small. The Fight for Freedom Committee polled half the delegates and learned from its sampling that 94 per cent of those present favored the resolution. A similar poll of union members at the gates of the Ford River Rouge plant showed that interventionist sentiment there ran about 20 per cent lower than among the delegates. It seems elementary that a vote on so important an issue as this should register the true facts, whatever they are. I happened to read the story filed by the correspondent of a large London daily immediately after the passage of the foreign-policy resolution. It was not his fault that any Englishman who read his story would believe that American workers would unanimously support the immediate dispatch of an expeditionary force.

Newspapers may have overplayed the "thuggery and knuckles" which President Murray condemned, but it was certainly there, and it was accepted with equanimity,

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even joviality, by most delegates. Denny Lewis was not the only union president who did not think it wise to walk the streets without a bodyguard of several men. On the first day the story went around the press table that 200 gunmen in the employ of the United Mine Workers were in town. Having seen neither gun play nor guns, I am unable to report on the precise accuracy of this. A great many curious friends of the Mine Workers were on hand, however. They wore badges marked "Guest." They were well-heeled and seemed to have an unusual amount of time on their hands; only a few of them attended every session, but they occupied strategic points in the hotel lobbies throughout the week.

The influence of Communists in the C. I. O. has increased rather than diminished. They do not control it, and if their new position on world affairs did not correspond in large measure to that of the majority, their strength would be less. But the Hillman followers have taken them in as equal partners, and Joe Curran, head of the National Maritime Union, sat in on the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' caucuses. The new executive board, which is not elected by the convention but is made up of representatives appointed by each union, has fifteen out of forty-one members from the left-wing unions.

No picture of the convention would be fair unless the dulness, the lack of internal democracy, and the thugs were set off against the achievements. The deadening hand of the Stalinists and the rough-house tactics of John L. Lewis are probably responsible for the shortcomings, while credit for the achievements must go, I believe, to Philip Murray. He fought every one of the destructive tendencies. For several years American liberals have been waiting for the American labor movement to produce a man to whom they could look for strong and candid leadership. Philip Murray may be that man. He will now have a year in office free from the overburdening influence of his mentor; he has a good program; and he can, if he is given some aid and encouragement from outside, clean out some of labor's Augean stables and then get down to real work.

The "Raw Materials" Hoax

BY GABRIEL JAVSICAS

PUBLICATION of peace aims in time of war has a twofold purpose: to set a goal beyond victory in the belief that a greater cause will inspire greater effort, the utmost sacrifice; and to undermine the enemy's morale, his will to victory and his faith in the righteousness of his cause. In view of these objectives Point 4 of the Atlantic Charter must be set down as curiously inept. England and the United States, it reads, "will endeavor with due respect for their existing obligations to further the enjoyment of all states, great or small, victor or vanquished, of access on equal terms to the trade and to the raw materials of the world which are needed for their economic prosperity." This specific promise of access to raw materials to the vanquished has naturally enough been seized upon by the Nazis as an implied admission that hitherto Germany has had no such opportunity. Obviously this is grist to the Goebbels mill, since it appears to confirm a tenet of the Nazi creed that has proved most useful in justifying the war to the German people. Reinforcement of this hoary fallacy, however unintentional, comes with particularly bad effect at a moment when it is important that this whole concept of access to raw materials be clarified once and for all.

The German people have long been led to believe that the territory they occupy is too small for them and their creative ability. The Kaiser demanded a place in the sun for Germany; the Nazis developed this theme by claiming more *Lebensraum* and access to raw materials. During the flourishing days of appeasement a sympathetic ear was lent to this claim abroad. Socialists and conservatives alike, endeavoring to understand the causes of recurrent German aggression, found the economic explanation offered by the Nazis a plausible one. Yet it is without basis in fact. Switzerland, more densely populated, with few natural resources, and without access to the sea, finds sufficient creative ability among its people to enable it to enjoy the highest per capita income in Europe next to Sweden. Sweden in turn has a higher per capita income than the United States with its virtually unlimited resources and thinly populated territories. Obviously the size of a country and the number of its inhabitants bear little relation to the wealth and well-being of its people. The economic structure of a country, the organization of production and distribution, is the important factor. Highly industrialized capitalist countries experience periodic unemployment and suffer from poverty amid plenty, but the people of a totalitarian state are forced to divert all their resources and energy to the production of armament and in consequence suffer chronic deprivation. The contrast between nations organized for peace and those dedicated to war is most pronounced in their treatment of the problem of raw materials.

In a liberal world economy, in time of peace, all

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states, great and small, do in fact enjoy free access to the raw materials of the world, on equal terms. Such obstacles as interfere with the free play of supply and demand affect all nations alike. The commodity markets of the world know no racial, national, or religious distinctions. Export quotas may be adopted at the place of origin to halt a disastrous fall in prices, Great Britain may establish preferential duties within the empire: the price of the commodity is still the same to all buyers regardless of the sovereignty under which they carry on their trade. The British merchant pays the same price for a pound of British rubber as the German, Japanese, or Italian merchant.

Nor is this all. If the countries exporting raw materials offer a higher yield on invested capital, capital can flow to these countries; the individual investor is free to participate in the risks and profits of the companies exploiting the mines and plantations by buying their shares on the exchanges of the world. There is no discrimination based upon the nationality of the investor. For all practical purposes, in time of peace the only limitation to free access to raw materials is the buying power of the importing countries and of their individual merchants.

This was substantially the situation before the development of the totalitarian state. Nations which had no intention of conquering the world or even of robbing their neighbors of a bit of territory in the good old-fashioned way had little cause to complain about lack of access to raw materials. They could afford to pay for what they needed with the product of their labor. In time of peace even the totalitarian countries, despite the insatiable demands of their war industries, had no difficulty in obtaining more raw material than was good for the peace of the world. Until Japan invaded Indo-China, the United States was sending Japan sufficient supplies to enable it to conquer a great part of China and to build a fleet almost as large as that of the United States itself. Germany managed to accumulate enough raw materials to conquer twenty-three nations, keep a badly beaten Italy in the war, and still, after two years of blockade, to threaten two continents with conquest. Does this argue any lack of access to raw materials?

Before this world war access to raw materials was in fact so easy for the aggressor nations that puzzled and perturbed democratic countries began to suspect their own governments of connivance in the totalitarian schemes. But a more effective interference with the free flow of raw materials would have exacted a high price from the citizens of the democracies: they would have been obliged to submit in time of peace to government control of all imports and exports. The interdependence of all countries is clearly visible in this dilemma. Curtailment of economic liberty anywhere in the world threatens liberty everywhere in the world.

While the democratic nations shrank from the kind of interference with private business that the use of raw materials as a political weapon would have entailed, the totalitarian governments had no such scruples. Of all collective human enterprise modern war is the least spontaneous. It requires the mustering of all resources of the nation, material and human, and their dedication to a single purpose. Years before a government bent on aggression goes to war, it must accumulate vast stocks for the mass production of armaments. In the process of changing over from peace production to war production, and after, the totalitarian government makes the life of the individual merchant, importer, and producer miserable with ever more stringent rules and regulations. The obstacles in the way of his free access to raw materials do not come, in time of peace, from abroad, but from within, from his own government. Through its absolute control of foreign currency and of all imports and exports, the totalitarian government starves the producers of consumers' goods of all raw materials while it furnishes ample supplies to the war industries. Furthermore, in order to render the country blockade-proof, the government places high import duties on various products—rubber, gasoline, etc.—in order to stimulate the production of *Ersatz* goods. Thus the totalitarian state cuts off its subjects from free and equal access to raw materials and then broadcasts to the world jeremiads about unfair treatment by the plutocratic democracies.

Complaints about lack of access to raw materials have not come from peaceful nations or even from individual German, Japanese, or Italian merchants, but only from the governments of the totalitarian countries. The reason is obvious. It is a political demand, not an economic one. The Nazis did not go to war in order to obtain raw materials; they needed raw materials in order to be able to wage war. When they clamor for access to raw materials they mean access in time of war, not in time of peace. In time of peace they *have* access, but in time of war the devil needs more than his due.

In time of war the totalitarian constellation is at a grave geographical disadvantage, for some of the most vital raw materials can be obtained only from overseas. Even if Germany and Italy were given all the colonies which produce these materials, Great Britain and the United States would still rule the seas, and could bar their enemies from access to these colonies in time of war. The German demand for *Lebensraum* is therefore tantamount to asking England and America to scuttle their fleets. Fantastic as that interpretation may sound, it is nevertheless typical of Nazi claims. Nor should it be forgotten how perilously near the German war machine came to achieving this Nazi wish. Alone at first, it soon gained the support of the Japanese and Italian navies in a common cause. The American neutrality law held out a promise, long kept, of non-intervention in European affairs. In 1940 the French fleet scuttled itself for all

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practical purposes. There remained only the British fleet; and no one can doubt that, but for Britain, Germany would by now have access to all the raw materials in the world for a final campaign against the last obstacle in its path—the United States.

Every nation the Nazis have conquered to date they have stripped of its resources in order to obtain material for the next conquest. They boast that they have already obtained more than the cost of their entire war effort. But even literally free access to the raw materials and the accumulated wealth of twenty-three conquered nations has not solved their economic problem. The Germans are still—along with the Japanese and the Italians, who have fared even worse—among the have-nots. As long as the German merchant operated on a free home market he imported and produced goods which he could sell to the consumer at a profit. Now the government is his only buyer, dictating what goods he shall produce and fixing the price. He has been deprived of that saving grace of capitalist society—the individual liberty of its members—without which it cannot function.

Lack of access to raw materials, imperative need for *Lebensraum*—these are myths which the Nazis have used to serve their ends. What Germany, Italy, and Japan really need is not access to raw materials but a priority program in favor of a consumers'-goods industry, severely restricting the supply of raw materials for the production of the implements of war. Germany has proved that it knows how to husband its resources for the business of war. As long as its people are unwilling or unable to husband those same resources for peace, the impulse will have to be provided from without.

Exit Weygand

BY JAY ALLEN

BY THE time this appears in print, Marshal Pétain may have had his meeting with the Germans and the worst may well have come to pass. By now he may have already dropped that other shoe.

The worst would of course be for him to take France into the war as a more or less active Axis partner, handing over the French fleet and French African bases to the German command. The best one has any right to hope for is that he will merely enrol France in the new enlarged anti-Comintern society, join with some fanfare in the unveiling of the new United Europe, and edge farther along the path of industrial collaboration.

What is very clear is that the dismissal of General Weygand from the post of proconsul for all of French Africa has lowered the last defense against German blackmail and that from now on the Germans will get what they want when they want it. Whether they want the fleet and the bases now, because of the British threat in Libya, or whether they are willing to wait for the rest now that they have taken precautions against a stab in the back from French North Africa, we shall see later.

Pétain without Weygand is no problem for the Germans. In Vichy last spring one of the Marshal's friends said to me, "He keeps Weygand like a *petit diable* in his coat pocket, and whenever the Germans get really rough he puts his hand in his pocket and gives them a glimpse. 'I have Weygand here,' he says. 'Shall I set him loose?' "

Last December, when Otto Abetz raged down from Paris to demand the reinstatement of Pierre Laval, he is supposed to have given the Marshal twenty minutes to make up his mind. And the Marshal is supposed to have answered, "I don't need twenty minutes. I need only two minutes to telephone Toulon and order the fleet to Africa and to tell Weygand that from now on he is on his own." All over France one heard that story, and there is no denying that the Marshal's popularity, such as it is, lay in the people's belief that he and Weygand were playing a double game. Without Weygand he cannot play that game any longer. Now the Germans will hustle the old man along as they choose.

My guess is that they will do it by easy stages. The perils of too hasty or too brutal action are obvious. To take over the fleet might not be so easy. We have already seen that French naval officers have minds of their own. Some might scuttle, although in all these months the Germans must have prepared for such an eventuality on every ship. And then of course the British are quite capable of repeating Oran when and where it is necessary.

There are other hazards. The French people are not sold on "collaboration," and it is still important for the Germans to keep up Pétain's prestige in the country. When I read some weeks ago that the Marshal was going to give himself up to the Germans as a hostage I felt no alarm for his safety; he is worth far more to the Germans alive than dead.

The Nazis are hard bargainers, and they have most of the cards now. Pétain has thrown away his one face card, Weygand. They have the prisoners, more than a million and a half. Few persons in this country seem to understand what this means to the French people. The German-controlled press in Paris continually plays on the feelings of the families: "If only the men of Vichy

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would 'collaborate' whole-heartedly, you would get your husbands, your sons, your brothers back." But until now Pétain has not been willing to make the concessions necessary to bring about their release. On his last visit to Vichy Abetz agreed to a reduction of "occupation costs" (the Germans don't use the word "reparations"; they don't like it) from 400 million francs to a little less than 300 million. And apparently the line of demarcation is to be loosened up, a matter of immense importance not only to the Vichy government, which is only a phantom to two-thirds of France, but to business. Of course, too, there is the question of raw materials, which are doled out only to those French industries that are willing to work for the Germans.

The removal of Weygand, we now see, was the Germans' answer to the British offensive in Libya. I cannot believe that the Nazis really feared Weygand, but they had to make sure that in the event of a collapse in Libya and Tripoli their troops could withdraw into Tunisia. And they wanted to prepare faster than Weygand would allow for the day when they will take everything over down to Dakar.

Portent of disaster though it may be, Weygand's disappearance from the scene should clarify our thinking on North Africa. For a year we have found comfort in his presence there. "What is Weygand going to do?" everybody asked. The implication was that he would one day rise up, and even if he didn't, he would keep the Nazis out of North Africa. He had his chance last February when the British were almost at the borders of Tripoli. I was in Tunis at the time, and the Italian officers in Tripoli were sending their families into Tunisia. But Weygand did nothing. He was, in fact, sick with anxiety, first, lest the Germans react by seizing Bizerta, which is twenty minutes by air from Sicily; and, second, lest his subordinates, in a moment of enthusiasm and pride at the exploits of De Gaulle, Catroux, and Larminat—particularly Larminat, who is immensely popular in North Africa—would go over to the Free French.

Like Pétain, Weygand is a prisoner of his mistakes, of that monstrous blunder of June, 1940, when he and Pétain and the others asked for an armistice and got it. They asked for it for three reasons: first, because they thought Great Britain was licked and they could safely betray it; second, because they wanted to keep the army intact to put down "social troubles"—in other words, they were more afraid of their own people than of the Nazis; and, third, because they *thought* that the triumph of Hitler's New Order in Europe meant the triumph of their own brand of clerical, reactionary fascism in France. The British weren't licked. The "social troubles," when they come, will be such that, even if there were an army, it could not hope to put them down. And the triumph of the New Order has meant the triumph in Occupied France of French Nazis like Déat. The men of Vichy now see that a German victory would mean the destruction of *their* France, while a British victory—a "Judeo-Masonic-plutodemocratic" victory—would mean that they, if they survived, would be called to account. So they pray that the war will go on forever or end in a negotiated peace, which would find them still fresh and strong.

Washington has "played along" these many months with Weygand and Pétain. That was clearly the thing to do. But Washington has neglected to do what alone would have made its diplomacy effective: it has neglected to prove to Weygand and Vichy that we mean business, that what we do we will do in time, and that Hitler is *not going to win the war*. It has neglected to prove to them that our friendship means safety for them. We have never been able to tell Weygand when the troops and the planes and the battleships would arrive.

Perhaps the events of the next few days or weeks will bring a break with Vichy. Many clear-headed people in this country are of the opinion that we should have broken off relations long ago. But the maintenance of diplomatic relations with a country need not imply approval of that country. We still have relations with Japan, Germany, and Italy, maintained supposedly because it is to our interest to do so until the shooting actually begins. To have been effective, however, our missions in Vichy and North Africa should have been able to prove that time was really on our side because we were using time. One way of proving this to Vichy would have been to give De Gaulle aid and comfort, everything short of formal diplomatic recognition. Vichy would have understood, and 90 per cent of the residents of its hotels would have applauded. The others would have been impressed, albeit disagreeably. Another way would have been to silence the many powerful persons, some in our official service, who still talk appeasement, though they usually label it something else. If Weygand heard that powerful men in this country hoped like him for a negotiated peace and favored his kind of clerical fascism as a "bulwark" against Nazism and communism, he certainly was not impelled to believe that we were to be feared—or even counted on in a pinch.

Until now most of the demands for a break with Vichy have come from liberals and have been, to my mind, an expression of their own sense of impotence in dealing with the State Department. Maintenance of relations with Vichy need not have implied approval of Pétain and Company. But if there was approval and if it contained a hint of appeasement, then agitation for a break with Vichy was merely escapist. The real job to be done involved far more drastic action here at home—a thorough overhauling of the State Department. Some day we may have to occupy Dakar, that is, assuming that we get the chance. But we would not have that task before us if we had attained certain objectives closer home.

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The Undiscoverables

BY RALPH BATES

VII. The Undiscoverables (Part 1)

SUMMARY OF CHAPTERS I TO VI. *The rumor that Italy has entered the war is turned into fact in the Sicilian fishing village of San Filippo by the arrival of a Fascist officer in a coast-guard cutter. He orders the fishing fleet to put out its lights and return to the harbor. From the hill pasture above the village, Cesare Maniscalco, the goatherd, watches the lights go out. The evening before he has been thrown out of a wineshop for saying that neither King nor Duce shall have his son Carmelo for their wars. Now, standing on the headland with Carmelo and his younger son Brasi, he swears again that "they" shall pay. A few nights later Carmelo and Brasi are waiting for their father, who is a fugitive from the Fascisti and has already become, for the peasants, a legendary figure called the Blackbeard. The two boys discover that Nunzio Chiesa, a former agrarian agitator who has gone over to the Blackshirts, is on the edge of the pasture. In the middle of the night their father returns. He tells his sons to drive the goats to another pasture. Meanwhile Carmelo finds that he has been wounded and swears to avenge him. Maniscalco disappears again. Not until the next day does Chiesa approach the two boys, who are carrying out their father's orders. Brasi strikes Chiesa with a stone from his sling. Chiesa threatens them with his rifle but does not shoot. At last, however, he commands them to drive the goats to the farm of Major Mori, the local Fascist official. There the two boys are arrested. As they are being questioned about their father by the Blackshirts, the piles of unthreshed wheat sheaves in the field burst into flame and there are cries of "the Blackbeard." Brasi breaks away from his captors. In the ensuing battle Maniscalco is killed, but seven Fascists, including Mori's son, Antonio, fall as well. Five are killed by Maniscalco, one is wounded by a colleague, the seventh has wounds that Maniscalco could not have inflicted. The next morning Brasi, who has been recaptured, is thrown into Carmelo's cell in prison.*

TO THE people of this ever loyal town of San Filippo. The last solemnities for Don Antonio Mori and the other beloved servants of our glorious Italy killed in combat with the forces of anarchy will be solemnly celebrated in the Church of Our Lady of Sorrow at four this afternoon, with solemn concurrence of the armed forces, civil functionaries, and the entire population of this ever loyal town of San Filippo."

STEFANI, Secretary of the *Comitate di Benificenza*

The invitation, printed upon white paper with black edges, had already been distributed when Signor Stefani's attention was drawn to a misprint that was causing ironic comment. Orazio Gnirri, one of the Civil Intelligence agents, rang up to inform Signor Stefani of the error and of the whispered sarcasm that was running through the town. The *r* in "armed" had been omitted so that the words read *"la forza amata."*

Signor Stefani was thrown into confusion; worse, he was sent into a fit of palpitating dread. To his son had fallen the task of commissioning a man in Catania to print the invitations. He himself had composed it. Major Mori, after the order for a thousand throwaways with black edges had been placed, had roused himself from his gloom to snarl at Signor Stefani.

"Solemnities! Solemnly! Solemn!" he sneered. "Couldn't you get the word in a few more times?"

"It is the usual word," the secretary of the *Comitate di Benificenza* had replied. "It is the proper word," he had timidly added.

"And what's this 'secretary of the *Comitate di Benificenza*'?" Mori had snapped. "And as to that, what *is* this *Comitate di Benificenza,* and what has it got to do with this—this matter? It should have been left unsigned." Signor Stefani had shifted uneasily in his chair while Mori had continued to mutter, *"Comitate di Benificenza!"*

"And why did you mention my son by name and not the others?" Mori had suddenly stormed, with tears in his eyes, springing to his feet and wringing his hands. The astonished Stefani hesitated before replying.

"I thought to honor Don Antonio."

"Idiot, numskull," Mori had bellowed, the tears streaming down his heavy face. He had known the townspeople would say Antonio had been singled out for honor, and he had been profoundly grieved that his son's memory should be besmirched by their sneering thought. He had violently overturned the younger Stefani's private writing desk, which for want of an authorization for an official one had been transported to the office. "Numskull," he had screamed, crashing his foot through the flimsy woodwork.

Now Signor Stefani replaced the receiver, cursing Orazio Gnirri for reporting the public gossip about the *"forza amata."* Within a few minutes he knew Gnirri

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would be telephoning the news to Mori, who had not come down to the office this morning. As he dreaded, the telephone rang again. Mori mumbled an order to him to come to the Villa Bianca, or as the trivial wits of San Filippo called it, the "Whitewashed Villa." With dry mouth he walked there.

Major Mori, dressed in civilian black, did not storm at Stefani. "Who is it spreads these versions and rumors, Stefani?" he said peevishly. His face was pale and he

Drawings by John Groth

must have spent the night in weeping, Stefani nervously thought.

"Ah, Don Paulo," he faltered, "who knows? The *irreperibili,* the undiscoverables."

"The *irreperibili?"* Mori muttered. "Well, discover them, find out who they are, Signor Stefani." There was no sarcasm in Mori's use of the "Signor." He was appealing to Stefani, whose heart was at once filled with compassion.

"I shall do my best," he said fervently. "Will you not write out an order giving me authority, Don Paulo?"

"You don't need it. Do your best, my friend," Mori sighed. He crossed the room to the window and gazed over the town that lay spread out below the Villa Bianca. Timidly, despite his tenderness of heart, Stefani moved to his side and with mingled solemnity, bewilderment, and brotherly love stared at the roofs that lay silent below.

"The undiscoverables," he whispered to himself.

"Call all the men in, Stefani, and set them to work," Mori said, irritation breaking through the surface of his gloom.

Stefani, alarmed out of his compassion, thoughtlessly replied, "But I am only the secretary of the *Comitate di Benificenza."*

"Comitate di Benificenza!" Mori snarled, *"Ben-ee-fee-cenza!* What in God's blessed name . . ." Again tears began to slide down his cheeks. He was thinking of the subsecretary of the Fascio, Stefani's son, still living.

"Dear colleague," Signor Stefani faltered, his white hand touching Mori's forearm like a minnow nosing a rock, "dear colleague, it is so hard to speak. I suffer for you, indeed I do, believe me, but *la patria,* our beloved Italy . . ." Wringing his hands with utterly sincere emotion, Signor Stefani fell back upon the conventional thought: "We serve Italy."

Mori listened between sobs for a few moments. He even put out his hands toward the secretary of the *Comitate di Benificenza.* Then, suddenly, he sprang to his feet, his face distorted in a most frightful rage and flung himself upon Signor Stefani and shook him so violently that the poor man could not utter a single word. His jaws rattled together like dice in a cup.

"Comitate di Benificenza," Mori bellowed, pushing the terrified Signor Stefani back against the wall. A plaster relief of the Bay of Naples fell to the ground and was broken. Kicking it aside, Mori nearly shattered the secretary's shinbone. A full-throated scream being impossible, Signor Stefani whimpered.

"Comitate di Benificenza, bah!" Mori repeated, thrusting his face into Stefani's. The Major's spittle splashed upon the forehead of the secretary, who shut his eyes and clutched the Major, holding on like one who strives to outlast a terrible pain. The uproar threw Signora Mori, upstairs in her "boudoir," into a fit of hysterics, and she struggled to escape from the room in which her husband had confined her.

"Oh, oh, ah," Stefani groaned in jerks. Mori's paroxysm of rage and despairing grief became even more violent; he flung his weight against Signor Stefani and beat the top of the fish curer's head with the palms of his hands. Then the futility of all things burst upon him, and groaning he turned aside and buried his face in his hands.

Signor Stefani slipped to the floor and grunted, "O-o-h," as he struck it. Collecting his wits, he scrambled out of the room on hands and knees and bolted down the corridor. He broke off a great frond of fern in passing through the narrow conservatory, infuriating the major-domo, Battistino Gnirri—brother of Orazio, the *sbirro*—already at his wit's end with Signora Mori's outburst.

"Fish peddler," Battistino shrieked and pranced out into the tiled garden. "Pouf, you stink of fish," he yelled after the hurriedly departing Signor Stefani, waving his arms violently as if dispelling a persistent odor. He was still waving his arms when he heard the shuffling tramp of men and the grating of wheels at the bottom of the little hill. The hearse was coming to carry Don Antonio to the church. Battistino shook his head and went in to Mori.

"Don Paulo," he began, but Mori rose in hysterical fury, his usually powerful voice changed to a yelp. An element of reason stirred within his anger, however, and he held out his hands as if pleading with Gnirri. Could he not be left alone for a little while?

"Pardon," Battistino mumbled and turned away. The shrug of his shoulder was merely a thoughtless ob-

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servance of habit. It infuriated Mori, whose grief, overwhelming as it was, was nevertheless profoundly egotistical. On this day when loss had stricken him down people should pay deference because of his grief. It was his indignation at this affront to his moral right which, warring in cynical alliance with his grief, shattered his self-control and made hysteria his only relief. He bellowed at Battistino without framing words, and even as he did so it was sorrow that suddenly dominated him and cut short his roaring. He concluded with a yelp of despair. The tears coursed down his face as he stood confronting the gaping majordomo.

"Battistino," he stammered entreatingly, desolation in his voice.

"The guard of honor is coming, Don Paulo."

"Eh? Ah, *Dio, Dio,*" Mori moaned. "They're not to take him, they mustn't take him away from me." Battistino spread his hands in a habitual gesture of resignation, and seeing the momentary gleam in his master's eyes, retreated and closed the door silently.

Dreading a climactic outburst from his employer, Battistino Gnirri superintended the carrying down of the corpse from the room upstairs. He even wrestled with the hysterical Signora Mori and threw her upon the bed and cuffed the maidservant who was supposed to attend to her. Afterward, profoundly relieved, he stood in the gateway watching the guard descend the hill. When once it had taken possession of him, Don Paulo's wrath was something black and terrible. Twice only he had seen his master in such a paroxysm. Virgin Mother! That was a close shave!

A sudden crash resounded from the house as the dining-room door was hurled back against the walnut-wood chair. Mori rushed out of the house, his clothes in disarray, his face white and twitching. His staring gaze did not fasten itself upon the cringing Gnirri, though his arm flung the majordomo aside with terrific force.

The Major strode down the hill toward the town, without his hat. As he stamped along, his heavy feet threatening to burst through his elegant shoes, the few loiterers disappeared before him. Doors were quickly closed without the discretion of silence. Mori was still weeping. His big hands were tightly clenched. His lips twitched with grief and with wild unspoken imprecations. As he strode across the piazza even the dogs fled before him. He had remembered that Carmelo and Brasi Maniscalco were in prison, at his disposition.

Several loiterers sidled away from beneath the arcade as Mori, brooding vengeance against Maniscalco's sons, approached the Town Hall. One of these men was Nunzio Chiesa. Nunzio had just reported that he had returned from his post of vigil on the headland on account of a bad fall he had suffered in clambering over the rocks.

"Well, Maniscalco's dead," he had been informed.

[*Continued on page* 549]

In the Wind

A NEW CHAPTER in the history of the FBI is being written with its sudden emergence as a champion of labor. A number of federal men have been sent to Harriman, Tennessee, at the request of the Southern Workers' Defense League, to investigate the flogging of two C. I. O. organizers, Oscar Wiles and Homer Wilson. Six or seven other FBI investigations of labor and civil-liberties cases are being made elsewhere, and Attorney General Biddle has appointed a number of new members to the Justice Department's civil-liberties unit to work in conjunction with the FBI.

THE POPULARITY of Quisling's followers in Norway may be gathered from a lamentation printed in a recent issue of *Hirdmannon,* the weekly supplement of Quisling's newspaper *Fritt Folk.* Recounting the trials of a young man who joined the Hird, the article reports: "It did not take long before he was made to feel what he had done. He was met with cold glances. . . . A friend said to him, 'You must realize that things cannot be as before. You have failed us.' The Hirdman telephoned a girl he knew and asked her to go out with him, but she answered, 'I regard you as a traitor.' " The climax of this tale of woe is a letter received by the young Quislingist from his mother in which she remarks: "I am glad your father lies in his grave. He could never have survived a sorrow such as this."

HARRY BENNETT, head of the Ford service men, has no use for Harry Bridges, but he does not believe the charges that Bridges is a Communist. According to Bennett, the longshoremen's chief is a British agent who for years has been trying to tie the United States to the empire.

SELECTEES IN a Southern training camp have been told to prepare for transfer to a base not on the mainland of the United States. The destination is thought to be Hawaii, and the shift is scheduled for December.

AN ATLANTA REPORTER recently asked E. D. Rivers, former governor of Georgia, why he thought an attempt had been made to kidnap him a few months ago. Rivers replied: "I believe that Bikle [who confessed to the attempt and later committed suicide] was in the employ of some nation or group who wished to cause strife by creating distrust by the public in their officials and ex-officials."

AN EXAMPLE of how correspondents sometimes get around the censors is provided by a fashion letter from Vichy which appeared in the New York *Times* on October 12: "Molyneux likes the redingote movement and goes to great lengths to cut the coats so as to accentuate that slimness of waistline that is a sign of the times."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Scarce Goods, Abundant Money

WARNED by their experiences in the last war, most countries engaged in the present conflict have tried to avoid direct resort to the printing-press as a method of meeting their vast expenditures. Nevertheless, none of them have been able to check a steady expansion of currency circulation. As the pictorial chart below shows, there is a growing glut of money, which is the natural accompaniment of a growing scarcity of the goods which money can purchase. Except for the United States, all the countries figuring in the chart are diverting the whole of their productive energies, apart from what is necessary to provide their people with a bare subsistence, to the service of their war machines.

But the manufacture of war materials gives rise to the payment of wages, interest, and profits just as much as the manufacture of normal products, and with every available man and woman employed, total income payments rise to new heights even though means are taken to prevent the demand for labor from leading to higher wages. Thus money accumulates in pockets and banks while objects on which it can be spent disappear from the stores. Stringent price control and rationing can counteract to some extent the inflationary effects of this accumulating mass of unspendable cash, but its inflationary potential remains. In this country the controls are at present extremely weak, but up to date our sharply expanding production of war materials has been accompanied by an increased output of consumer goods which has been of some assistance in restraining prices. With supplies of many important materials becoming restricted, this favorable condition is not likely to continue.

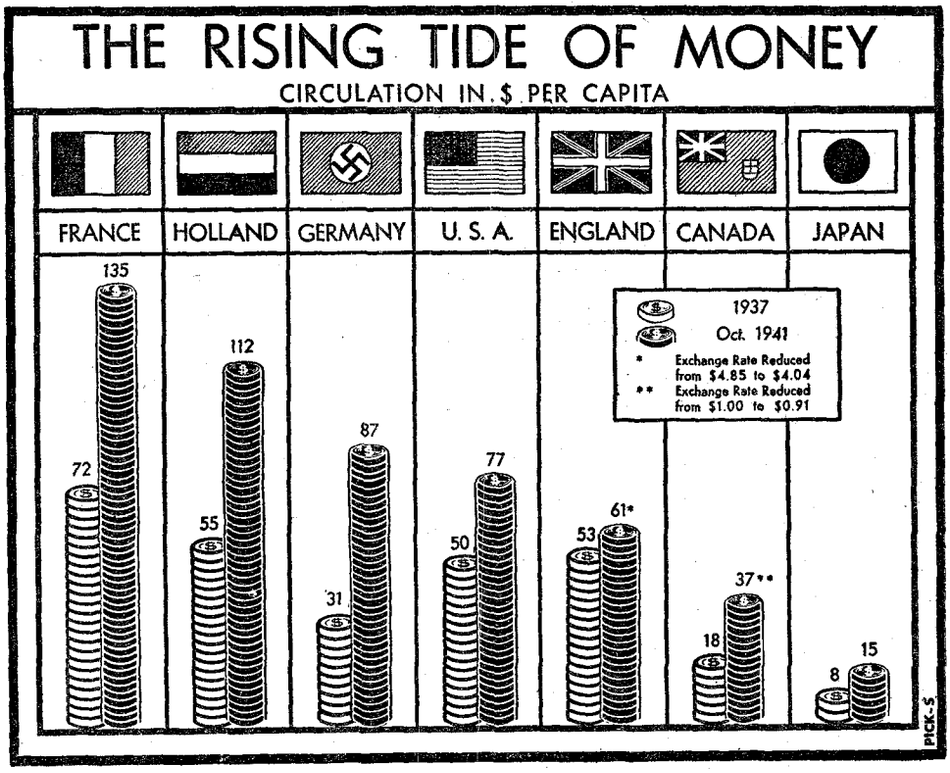
In the case of Britain the chart tends to minimize the rise in circulation which has taken place since 1937 (taken as a base because it was the last period of normal prosperity). This is due to the fact that the exchange value of the pound was lowered on the outbreak of the war to $4. But even in terms of sterling the rise has been comparatively moderate, from about £500 million to £700 million. Nevertheless, Britain's financial authorities are not easy about the situation or about the concomitant growth in bank deposits, and drastic new steps to mop up surplus purchasing power may be taken before long.

The threefold increase in German currency circulation shows that the Nazis are encountering difficulties in keeping their monetary kettle from boiling over. There are signs of an attempted flight from the mark despite stringent efforts to block every exit. Minister of Economics Walther Funk has recently complained of the prevalence of the psychological attitude represented by the phrase "money no longer counts." And the *Schwarze Korps*, organ of the S. S., has been growling at housewives whose lack of faith in the mark leads them to buy attic junk.

On a larger scale we find distrust of the mark expressed by recurrent booms on the Berlin bourse. After a month or two temporary reversals are usually produced by some kind of government action, but the trend continues upward, indicating the desire of investors to preserve their capital by buying equities. On September 13 the share index reached a new peak of 223.22. The announcement of drastic new curbs then caused a sharp break, and in mid-November the index stood at 194.79. But this compares with a low for the current year of 171.70 and a high for 1940 of only 180.56.

The most recent Nazi effort to extract the cash which is burning holes in German pockets is a plan for "iron savings accounts." Depositors who allow their funds to be blocked until twelve months after the end of the war are to be offered exemption from taxation. Similar inducements are being held out to encourage the freezing of corporate funds.

Seeking to strengthen faith in the mark and to encourage postponement of spending, Dr. Funk has recently promised that equilibrium between currency circulation and the quantity of available consumer goods will be restored after the war by a "flow of cheap goods from newly conquered territory." This is a plain hint of the fate in store for the conquered peoples, who even now are being bled white for the benefit of German consumers. The huge increases in French and Dutch circulation shown on the chart have been accompanied by a goods famine in those countries far more severe than that in Germany.



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A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

The Guggenheim Gift of Freedom

THAT year, I remember, the *New Yorker* carried a cartoon: a dejected young man at a table under the chestnut trees before a sidewalk cafe in Paris was saying over his half-drunk beer, "Mr. Guggenheim is going to be pretty mad with me." Afterward I remember that almost every boat—and there were plenty of boats in those days—brought me copies of that joke. My friends scrawled comic comments about me and "Mr. Guggenheim" on their clippings. Sometimes they did not seem very funny as I worked on my novel and spent Senator Simon Guggenheim's money in Paris and Florence, Territet and Munich. I have a hunch, as a man who never knew his benefactor, that the Senator laughed at that cartoon. And now that he is dead and beyond laughing, it seems to me that, more than anybody I have known, this rich man who gave without asking for an accounting to people he thought might profit by his giving, had such a sense of the profitableness of freedom as deserves emphasis in the year in which he died.

That year of the cartoon was not a funny year. Mr. Hoover was still in the White House, and the American people, with their gift for laughing loudest when their luck is worst, were already mocking that corner around which prosperity was to be found. Europe, for all its soldiers marching, seemed more peaceful than America. I remember that Hitler's Munich was very pleasant. I can still taste the beer in that garden by the brewery at the end of the car line. All the other writers now remember the prophetic secret thoughts they had then, which they put on paper now. My impression of the importance of Hitler in 1930, seven years after his beer-hall putsch, was about what I have of Eugene Talmadge when I'm in Atlanta today. Obviously I couldn't have been very bright. I remember that I was by turns very certain of myself and very sad about my work. In Switzerland Elizabeth of Austria's monument was under my window, and above her I tried to write with some irony about a new and elegant rebellion of the Confederate States of America. The novel turned out to be almost as dead as the assassinated lady of the monument on the shore of Lake Geneva. I came back half fearful that Mr. Guggenheim would meet me at the dock with a formal request for reimbursement.

He did not. I was certainly not a big enough little fellow to break his faith in freedom. He understood that there would be losses. He knew that writers and scholars may be as uncertain as any other people when you turn them loose with money before the job is done. He knew that in those days a man could buy a lot of Pernod in Paris with $2,500. I doubt that there have been many WPA projects upon which work has moved so slowly as on some high American artistic projects around the Coupole and the Dôme. Raking leaves is an energetic process beside the work of one sculptor I knew, who only grew a beard. Undoubtedly Senator Guggenheim had heard the report that Paris was a place where young Americans were lured into a pleasant talkative vegetation. I suspect that more Americans discovered there their incapacity as a people for vegetation. They were not really capable of futility as a fine art.

That was not understood then. I remember I came home feeling—perhaps in self-defense—that something happened to me when I left America to write about it, that maybe Senator Guggenheim was wrong in helping young Americans cut loose from American places and set up their typewriters, their easels, or their pianos in Paris and Budapest, Madrid and Berlin. That was not only a freedom from poverty; it was also a sort of freedom from roots. It was a freedom with obvious dangers in it. But it was a freedom which worked, too—which will go on working until every man who possessed it dies. The special stars who emerged from the freedom Senator Guggenheim gave them have already been counted in his obituaries. They have won Nobel and Pulitzer prizes. If his money had brought only their work, it would have been well spent. The warmest, richest, most American writing in this hour comes from some of their pens. They have made music for America; enriched the quality of its research in the sciences. But they are not the only Guggenheim fellows. Indeed, in the terms of the full meaning of the fellowships they may not be the most important.

All over America today there are less well-known men and women to whom this rich man gave freedom, with all the rights and privileges freedom carries with it to be a fool. There are people closer to this America because this rich man gave them a chance to leave it and enjoy the reported superiorities of older lands. As well as other rich men Senator Guggenheim knew that he could not take his money with him. But better than most rich men he discovered how to leave a faith in freedom behind him. It is walking the streets of America, teaching its classes, writing its books. It is certainly worth the price the Senator paid for beer as well as books.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

A Novel of Peru

BROAD AND ALIEN IS THE WORLD. By Ciro Alegría. Translated from the Spanish by Harriet de Onís. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.75.

WHAT is involved in our attempts to induce the American public to read the literature of neighbors whose tongues are Spanish and Portuguese? Thus far, the Hispano-American novels translated into English in the past two decades have failed to attract. Why have we not taken to the very good novels of Azuela, Güiraldes, Rivera, Gallegos, Guzmán? Without propaganda we have learned a good deal from the mural painters of Mexico. It may be said with some justification that our own writers have a maturity that makes possible the works nourishing our needs. France taught us technique and style; Germany and Russia revealed to us regions of the human soul previously unexplored. Have South America and Mexico and the adjacent islands anything to teach us in literature or philosophy? A chasm separates them from us because our cultural tradition has excluded the dreams and depths of Spain and Portugal. Perhaps the only thing they can for the present show us is the nature of their problems and the surviving modes of native wisdom growing out of their attachment to the American earth.

Knowing what to expect, we can benefit from the promotion of a taste for the literature of our neighbors. If prizes can encourage young talent there, so much the better for them and for us. Their writers, besides getting some cash, can through our publicity free themselves of their regionalism. Farrar and Rinehart, with the cooperation of the Pan-American Union and the advice of such intellectuals as Archibald MacLeish and John Dos Passos, have already chosen from among the novels submitted to the first Latin American prize-novel contest four which will be translated into English and published here. Ciro Alegría, a Peruvian, won the first prize with his "Broad and Alien Is the World."

The novel has a praiseworthy theme—the defense of the Peruvian Indians against the unconscionable exploitation of the unscrupulous ranch owners, greedy for land and for low-priced workers in their mines and on their plantations. Alegría is not an Indian or of Indian descent. Actually he springs from the ranch owners' class of Peru. His betrayal, then, of selfish class loyalties is to his honor. The glorious tradition of Ibero-America concerning the problems of the Indians extends far back. In book and sermon Father Las Casas thunderously denounced the crimes committed against the autochthonous elements in the new lands. In the last few generations creative artists of South America and the Caribbean islands, in their paintings, poems, plays, and novels, have attempted to identify themselves with the pre-Columbian population, which has never been fully incorporated in the body politic of the republics. Rubén Darío, Chocano, Gabriela Mistral have sung the Indian, and the revolutionaries have proposed a social program. Peru has produced enlightened social critics like Manuel Gonzáles Prada, José Carlos Mariátegui, and Haya de la Torre. Alegría falls into this tradition. His novel renews the plea for the Indian.

Alegría tells of a village in northern Peru, Rumi, which is a nearly perfect community. It has for its mayor Rosendo Maqui, who embodies the wisdom of the old Incas. Though illiterate, he epitomizes the enduring qualities of that stratospheric race that ruled the world of Andean rock. Rumi is the ancient *aylla,* democratic in its structure, with a communistic economy. It is located on the hills between the malaria-infested lands to the south and the forbidding uplands where men must live and behave like stone to survive. Through the pristine intuitions stored in the author's vivid and nostalgic memory, the reader joyfully establishes a deep contact with the strange landscape over which the condor hovers. The burden of the story is how Rumi is coveted by the rapacious ranch owner, Don Alvaro Amenabar y Roldán, who through bribery and the corruption of judges and lawyers, overseers and policemen, destroys the village and forces the bewildered community to move to the harsher lands higher up. The first attempt at annihilation causes the dispersal of some of the *comuneros,* who discover the alien character of the world in the jungle, in ranch work, and on the plantations. Failure to resist that impact is traceable to their illiteracy, superstition, and pacific nature. Relentlessly Don Alvaro pursues his prey, but in the end the second settlement near Yanañahui Lake is destroyed as the result of a revolt by enlightened new leaders who defy the court's ruling awarding the communal land to Don Alvaro.

Although the novel has been shortened by the omission of four chapters and the excision of much heavy description, it yet suffers from the defects of the naturalistic novel from which it descends. Story and thesis do not get in each other's way, but the overwhelming regional knowledge of the author considerably retards the flow. The abundance of songs, fables, fairy tales, and legends in the novel gives it a folksy tang which sustains it and makes it a memorable introduction to Peru and the Indians, who await a new Rosendo Maqui to liberate them from their superstitions and their economic oppression.

M. J. BENARDETE

Biography of Stafford Cripps

STAFFORD CRIPPS: PROPHETIC REBEL. By Erik Estorick. John Day Company. $2.50.

THE world's attention has been caught by this unusual and attractive figure. He is today one of the most conspicuous men in Europe, having achieved at Moscow a brilliant success in a diplomatic mission which had the look of a forlorn hope. This may prove to be an event of decisive import, and hence a biography of the man who achieved it could not be better timed.

Stafford Cripps was born in 1889, a younger son of the future Lord Parmoor and one of the innumerable nephews of the unique Beatrice Webb. At Oxford he took a science

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degree, and in the first World War he managed a government explosives factory. From scientific industry he turned to the law, and in the shortest time reached a place in the courts among the most eminent of king's counsel. A deeply devout Anglican, he gave himself during the 1920's to the cause of international amity through the churches. Not until 1929, at forty, did he join the Labor Party. He was made Solicitor General in the second Labor government, having only eight months in Parliament before the MacDonald coup of 1931. In the débâcle of that year he held his seat while older colleagues were falling on all sides, and then began the swift advance of Stafford Cripps to a position entirely his own.

The Cripps epoch in British politics begins properly with Ethiopia in 1935. He was the parliamentary leader of a minority which loathed the official Labor Party line on Ethiopia, the futile "sanctions" against Italy, and "non-intervention" in Spain; and then, in 1937, he entered upon the foredoomed effort to bring about a united political front. In 1935 he gave up his place in the national executive, and in 1939 was expelled from the party itself for a technical offense against discipline. The situation was ironic, grotesque. Here was a man of the highest ability and finest character, of faultless manner and unsurpassed personal standing, wholly absorbed in the Labor movement, being forced to suffer excommunication—as the rank and file saw it—because of his entire devotion to the ideal of working-class unity. There was, of course, much more in it than that. The affair was extremely complicated, and Cripps himself was a storm center. He was feared by the party chiefs, who came to regard him as a liability, and this not least because the conservative press kept him continually in the headlines.

We are indebted to Mr. Estorick for half a dozen chapters covering the events and turns of some five confusing years, and he gives the text of several essential documents of the Cripps group. These are most revealing; but their subject matter now seems altogether remote. Stafford Cripps, coming in late and from the conservative side, could not fully understand the working-class movement or measure the weight of the trade unions in the scale. The block vote of the unions was used to overwhelm him on every occasion, and in the end he had to admit that the party would not support his unity plan in either of its forms. The Cripps group were making two fatal miscalculations. They argued and acted, first, as though the left sections (Communists and the little remnant of the I. L. P. outside the party, and their own Socialist League inside, until its dissolution by headquarters decree) would, if joined with the main body for a militant policy, make a strong national force; and later they believed, or strove to believe, that the disaffected Liberals and Conservatives would combine with Labor to overthrow the Chamberlain government. The first plan, if anywise workable, would not have made any difference, for the left had almost no voting strength. The second idea was a complete illusion. Cripps was right in his view that the anti-Chamberlain sentiment went far beyond the bounds of the labor movement; but at any moment of the critical three-year period the National Government was assured of its majority, under Chamberlain or some other Prime Minister. Stafford

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Cripps is destined to high office or authority, but, clearly, not to the headship of a political party.

I end this necessarily inadequate review of a careful book by noting one singular fact. In the speeches of Stafford Cripps after 1936, and in the ably written memoranda of his group, there is only slight or indirect mention of Hitler and the deadly menace of Nazi Germany. It is repeatedly asserted that England should have made common cause with France and Russia in support of the democracies threatened by "war and fascism." But there is no policy of concrete action indicated; there is no mention of the one dire peril to the life of England, while the government is denounced for the policy of expanded armaments which it was actually carrying out only in half-hearted fashion.

Mr. Estorick has an introductory chapter dealing with the Cripps family and its social background. This could have been much improved if he had submitted it to a competent English critic, who incidentally would have pointed out that "lower upper middle class" is a merely nonsensical term. And here, finally, is an odd little circumstance. Stafford Cripps, except in a short pamphlet of 1936 reprinted at the end of the volume, seems never to speak of England or Britain. He is capable of referring to "this country" twice in one short sentence.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

North Carolina

TAR HEELS. By Jonathan Daniels. Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.

BY INHERITANCE, and no doubt by choice, Jonathan Daniels gets around. Josephus Daniels, his father, had the sound idea that an editor's business was as much moving around among the people as it was writing for his newspaper. Jonathan Daniels began traveling with his father, and he has always kept it up. Thus his biography of North Carolina, the second volume in the Sovereign States series, is concerned mainly with living people as he found them somewhere between tidewater and the mountains. Once North Carolinians regarded their state as "the valley of humiliation between two mountains of conceit"—referring naturally to the First Families of Virginia and the aristocrats of South Carolina. Infant Tar Heels, even Mr. Daniels himself, started life with what he describes as "a belligerent sense of inferiority." In the last twenty-five years or so, however, they have pretty well overcome any lingering inferiority complexes. Mr. Daniels makes the modest claim that North Carolina is now the most advanced Southern state. That claim may cause some of us Southerners from less enlightened areas to feel a twinge of jealousy, but we shall have to confess that it is not unsupported. North Carolina has not had a poll tax for twenty years. Lynchings have almost disappeared. Another point is more dubious. Mr. Daniels says the state has not in modern times had a very big demagogue, nor a powerful one. Senator Reynolds, Mr. Daniels writes, fits the pattern, but he is clown, not master. But there Reynolds sits, at the head of the Military Affairs Committee, a place where a fascist-minded demagogue, even a clownish lightweight, has no right to be.

In all justice, however, if we give North Carolina a de-

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merit for Reynolds, then we shall have to put down several credit marks for the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. A generation ago it was probably no worse and certainly no better than half a dozen other universities in surrounding Southern states. Then President Frank Graham rescued it from the old false pride of the South and brought the university down to the Southern earth. This was not accomplished without a struggle. First the preachers were afraid the university would make atheists, and then the reactionaries were afraid it would make radicals. But the university has become the freest in the South. Jonathan Daniels writes, "Sometimes it seems like a miracle."

One miracle to a state is probably enough. Cigarettes make a lot of money for the Dukes, and have blessed the world with Duke University and Doris Duke Cromwell, but after the manufacturer and the landlord and the credit manager get their shares, very little is left for the farmer. Nevertheless, tobacco did bring a great deal of money into the state, and part of it went into roads and schools. Everybody seems pleased with the roads, but about the schools there is some doubt. So far as white teachers are concerned, the school system is no longer getting the best brains—they are going into other professions and business. On the other hand, the schools are getting the best Negro brains. But that only illustrates how tightly other fields are closed against the Negro, and brings up the question whether the Negro is advancing along a highway or is really creeping up a blind alley. That question Mr. Daniels doesn't answer. He does note that in North Carolina the Negroes seem more willing to make sacrifices for education than do the whites. But at least some of the whites are still willing to make sacrifices for education. This evidence comes from one of Mr. Daniels's kin, Cousin Melvin Daniels, who said, "I thought about having plumbing put in, but I decided to send my daughter to the North Carolina College for Women instead." That seems conclusive; can there be any further doubt that North Carolina is on the right track? CHARLES CURTIS MUNZ

Oliver Twist Among the Ruins

LONDON PRIDE. By Phyllis Bottome. Little, Brown and Company. $2.

IF DICKENS were alive today and writing about the bombing of his favorite city he might well have fashioned this exquisite little gem of a story about a cockney Oliver Twist and his family. Little Ben Barton, named for Big Ben of Westminster, which was just striking six when its tiny namesake came into the world, was busily learning the facts of poverty-stricken childhood while a shady crew of adults was cooking up noisome devil's brew in Munich and adjacent parts; and then, during his seventh year, smash, came the bombs. The first impact of the blitzkrieg, ironically, resulted in a welcome though gruesome liberation for Ben and his fellow-ragamuffins: their school had been blown sky-high in the moonlight, and air-raid-shelter life piquantly ripped apart the sordid pattern of dreary, often underfed days—to say nothing of the thrill of secret nocturnal forays in the company of Em'ly, a female Fagin of nine, who initiated him

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YALE

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into the technique of salvaging tinned food and assorted loot from the ruins of blasted buildings. Caught red-handed, the two precocious culprits reformed for a while, until they ecstatically discovered a half-demolished building that would serve as a forbidden refuge for play during the long eventless daylight hours between the nightly raids. It was when they inadvertently stayed in their rickety paradise too late one evening, and a bomb collapsed the structure on top of them, that Ben became a full-fledged hero, and even Em'ly, tough-skinned and amoral little street gamin that she was, showed herself made of epic stuff. Later, when they were bombed out of a hospital, Ben once again proved his mettle by rescuing his baby sister, and learned, to his own surprise, a grudging respect for the severely starched directress of the hospital.

What might easily have been either a wanton tear-jerker or a swashbuckling "juvenile" becomes, through Miss Bottome's expert story-telling, one of the most heartening novels of the war so far. You will like her comradely handling of these worldly-wise slum children, her palpably Dickensian portrayal of the redoubtable Mrs. Barton and her widely assorted brood, her boisterous humor, and the pathos which she supplies in liberal measure but never spreads on too thick. The more you think of it the more you realize what a difficult, ticklish job she has undertaken in writing the story of the blitzkrieg babies, and she has turned it into a brave and lovable piece of fiction, as well as a tribute to fortitude where it is least likely to be looked for. If the story is as true to life as it sounds, some of the most glorious heroes of the empire are scampering through East End streets in knee-breeches, pudgy little thumbs poked up in a gesture as firm and defiant as those on the horniest fists aboard a battle cruiser of the British fleet.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

"A GALE OF LAUGHTER."—*Atkinson, Times.*

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THE NATION

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Survey of English Literature

THE CONCISE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By George Sampson. The Macmillan Company. $4.50.

ALTHOUGH "The Concise Cambridge History of English Literature" follows chapter by chapter the big Cambridge History and draws on the scholarship and sometimes on the language of the original fourteen volumes, it is no mere redaction of the big work. Mr. Sampson's opinions are his own, and his work has its own life and virtues. It is not a great history, it has no shaping critical idea, but then neither has it any philosophical solemnity such as mars the well-known and useful work by Legouis and Cazamian. It is fresh, lively, frequently witty. It is aware of and tries to avoid the literary historian's tendency to substitute knowledge for experience. Its taste is as sound as taste so widely exercised can be. Now and again Mr. Sampson falls into the tiresome trick of making his judgments by means of attacks on a non-existent body of opinion which he labels "the perverse," but for the most part his estimates are straightforward, sensible, and sharp; sometimes they are even sharp-tongued, and for this we are inclined to trust them rather the more.

The rapidity with which Mr. Sampson must run over his great field, though it permits him to convey admirably the immediacy and charm of literature, often keeps him from conveying its weight and pressure. For example, no one would guess from his treatment of "Troilus and Criseyde" that Chaucer had written one of the greatest and most serious of novels; nor would one know from his remarks what a power of mind Burke had; and even the article on Wordsworth, in whom Mr. Sampson has a special interest, fails to suggest Wordsworth's momentousness.

This relative indifference to the value of meanings is especially apparent in the chapter on modern literature which Mr. Sampson adds to the original schedule of the big Cambridge History. For instance, although he sees the importance of Henry James as an artist he quite misses James's mighty ethical insight, just as he misses the lesser but similar insight of E. M. Forster, whom he presents in a brief paragraph as "a complete contrast to Somerset Maugham." Often in his search for the "normal" he is merely crotchety: there is a kind of petulance in his treatment of T. S. Eliot as a poet, a mere stubbornness in his finding Ulysses "unreadable," a perverseness in his saying that D. H. Lawrence had a "vulgar mind," and but an excess of high spirits in calling James "the Gentleman of Shalott." Yet despite many important lapses, the modern survey is knowledgeable and catholic. I remember with pleasure such things as the firm rejection of Galsworthy, a striking paragraph on the influence of music on Shaw's literary ethics, the treatment of Lytton Strachey, the comments on Eliot's critical manner and manners. But more important than any particular judgment is Mr. Sampson's shrewd and slightly bitter sense of modern culture as a whole—of the second- and third-rate that exist beside the first-rate, of book clubs and journalistic criticism and radio and cinema and of how they express and influence modern taste and intellect.

LIONEL TRILLING

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IN BRIEF

PROPHECY FROM THE PAST: BENJAMIN CONSTANT, ON CONQUEST AND USURPATION. Edited and Translated by Helen Byrne Lippman. Reynal and Hitchcock. $1.25.

These selected passages from a tract published 128 years ago, when all Europe groaned under the "new order" of Napoleon and only England held on, might have been written this week, so penetrating is the analysis of the issues involved in this recurring situation. But Constant states the reasons why dictatorship and aggression can never win in the end, so long as men are firm in the hope they are prepared to implement.

THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS. By Edmund Cody Burnett. The Macmillan Company. $6.

Based on years of research in connection with the author's eight-volume edition of "The Letters of Members of the Continental Congress," this scholarly and finished book, in which a clear line is kept through over 700 detailed pages, is undoubtedly a definitive history of its subject. The importance of the subject is obvious when one reflects that it was the Continental Congress alone which stood for national unity from the first stirrings of independence until the adoption of the Constitution.

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

It's the Gypsy in Me. The Autobiography of Konrad Bercovici. Prentice-Hall. $2.75.

Playing the Piano for Pleasure. By Charles Cooke. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

The Devil in France. By Lion Feuchtwanger. Viking. $2.75.

They Were San Franciscans. By Miriam Allen deFord. Caxton Printers. $3.50.

Sir Walter Raleigh. By Eric Ecclestone. Penguin Books. 25 cents.

George B. McClellan: The Man Who Saved the Union. By A. J. Eckenrode and Bryan Conrad. North Carolina. $3.50.

The American Wine Cook Book. By Ted Hatch. Putnam's. $2.50.

The Social Self. By Victor E. Helleberg. Published by the author. Lawrence, Kansas.

Four Years in Paradise. By Osa Johnson. Lippincott. $3.50.

Welsh Short Stories. Selected by Gwyn Jones. Penguin Books. 25 cents.

Sensation Fair. By Egon Erwin Kisch. Modern Age. $2.75.

The Penguin New Writing 7 and 8. Edited by John Lehmann. Penguin Books. 25 cents each.

Ideas for the Ice Age. By Max Lerner. Viking. $3.

French Interests and Policies in the Far East. Part I: *A Century of French Far Eastern Affairs.* By Roger Levy. Part II: *French Indo-China in Transition.* By Andrew Roth. Institute of Pacific Relations. $2.

America for Me. By Mary Margaret McBride. Macmillan. $1.

The War: Second Year. By Edgar McInnis. Oxford. $2.

Robert Browning: Poetry and Prose. With an Introduction and Notes by Sir Humphrey Milford. Oxford. $1.25.

The Young Churchill. A Biography by Stanley Nott. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

The Presidents and Civil Disorder. By Bennett Milton Rich. The Brookings Institution. $2.

Hollywood: The Movie Colony, the Movie Makers. By Leo C. Rosten. Harcourt, Brace. $4.

Field Book of Snakes of the United States and Canada. By Karl P. Schmidt and D. Dwight Davis. Putnam's. $3.50.

Bridges and Their Builders. By David B. Steinman and Sara Ruth Watson. Putnam's. $3.75.

The Soviets Expected It. By Anna Louise Strong. Dial. $2.50.

Becoming a Kwoma: Teaching and Learning in a New Guinea Tribe. By John W. M. Whiting. Yale. $2.75.

Our Bill of Rights: What It Means to Me. A National Symposium. Edited by James Waterman Wise. Bill of Rights Sesquicentennial Committee. $1.50.

CORRECTION: In our issue of November 8 the price of *Organic Design in Home Furnishings,* by Eliot F. Noyes, was given as 75 cents. The price is $1.

DRAMA

The Evans Macbeth

VARIOUS commentators have remarked that "Macbeth" had never had much success on the New York stage before the days of Mantell and Sothern. Whether this is chiefly because it is the tragedy most commonly read in high schools and therefore labors under a heavy handicap I do not know. Perhaps the fact that Macbeth himself is in some sense the most vulgar of the great tragic heroes, that a mere lust for power is, of all tragic guilts, the one least likely to arouse compassion, has something to do with it. For "Macbeth" does have fewer overtones, does come nearer to being a mere murder story, than "Hamlet" or "Othello" or "King Lear," just as it completely lacks the romantic charm of "Romeo and Juliet" or the sultry lushness of "Antony and Cleopatra." Whatever virtues may be assumed to have been Macbeth's before the weird sisters and the weirder wife (this pun is no worse than that about gilding the faces of the grooms so that it will seem their guilt) led him astray, the memory of those virtues is never very vividly in the spectator's mind, and in consequence one does not feel strongly the tragedy of the good man fallen, even though, as the young son of one of my colleagues objected when this point was raised, "well, at least he certainly does get a whole lot worse." Macbeth kills a king to seize his throne, and in the end Macbeth himself is killed. It is, if you like, a play about conscience, but the horror is largely pure blood-horror.

In any event, Maurice Evans seems destined to break a tradition and to make of the play a genuine popular success. In him the public seems to have found for the first time since the days of Sothern and Marlowe an actor whom it is willing to accept not merely in one role, as it accepted John Barrymore and later John Gielgud, but as an interpreter of Shakespeare, and his "Macbeth," now current at the National Theater, is as sound and workmanlike as his previous productions. Margaret Webster is again the director, and Judith Anderson is a vigorous and powerful Lady Macbeth.

That Mr. Evans has been able to attract an enthusiastic following for a whole series of plays is no doubt due in part just to the fact that he avoids all freakishness, that unlike most recent Hamlets he makes the sensible assumption that the plays are worth acting for their own sake, not merely for the sake of some new "interpretation"—for which, in most instances, one should read "distortion." In his performance the big scenes are the obvious ones; he makes no attempt to oversubtilize the character of the hero; and what comes out most powerfully is the sheer gruesomeness and terror of the murder scene and the banquet scene. As for Miss Anderson, she is obviously better fitted for the role than any other contemporary actress, for she has a commanding presence, something sinisterly majestic in her carriage, and a voice capable of ranging from a deep ominousness to that sudden stridency which reveals in the character a streak of vulgarity, a touch of the mere hellion, which, I think, properly belongs there. Miss Webster's direction is theatrically effective as always, but I have one objection to raise to the settings, which vary in style from something pretty close to literalness, through the rather elaborate trickiness of the witch scenes, to a stylized prettiness in the scene before the king's palace in England. These variations in style were doubtless intended to correspond to differences in the tone of the scenes themselves, but I found them rather distracting. I doubt that settings make very much difference in the effectiveness of

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a Shakespearean production, but they ought not to call as much attention to themselves as they inevitably do when the style varies.

"Junior Miss" (Lyceum Theater) is a thoroughly amusing if unabashedly hokey comedy probably destined to be one of the big hits of the season. Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields, who put "My Sister Eileen" together out of a series of *New Yorker* sketches, saw no reason why they should not do the same thing for Sally Benson's delightful little pieces about the bewildered parents of a junior miss and a sub-junior miss, or plain brat. The Messrs. Chodorov and Fields were perfectly right; there was no reason why they shouldn't, and they have—though, as in the former case, the process involved the working up of a continuity in whose favor there is little to be said except that it *is* a continuity. The acting burden really rests upon the shoulders of Joan Newton as the Miss, Patricia Peardon as the brat, and Lenore Lonergan (formerly of "The Philadelphia Story") as her friend Fuffy. All are so charming and so exasperating that one is not troubled too much by a plot which has probably been the occasion of some anguish to the very sophisticated Miss Benson. And without retracting anything from the statement that "Junior Miss" furnishes a very delightful evening, I should like to register my regret that there seems to be a growing readiness to accept once more the old assumption that anything intended for the stage must necessarily be broadened and made more obvious. I thought that it was one of the great services of the "new theater" of the twentieth century to have got rid of that assumption.

"Theater" (Hudson Theater) is more or less remotely related to Somerset Maugham's recent novel of the same name. It begins as a half-Maughamish, half-Cowardish comedy about the home life of two philandering egoists who happen to be known to their public as the Darby and Joan of the theater. It then degenerates into a sentimental and stagey back-stage comedy in which the scene where the actress puts on an act which takes in even her husband and the scene where the show must go on both turn up just when expected. Perhaps the most important thing about it is the fact that Cornelia Otis Skinner demonstrates quite conclusively that she can fit into a normal theatrical production and become a comedienne of striking resource and charm.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MUSIC

THE New Friends of Music had planned a brilliant opening for its chamber music series: a performance of Mozart's great Quartet K. 421 by the unique Budapest Quartet. As it turned out, however, the performance sagged in spirit and even in pitch—presumably under the weight of the fatigue of the group's Sunday morning broadcast in Washington and train-ride to New York for the New Friends concert. And the same conditions produced at the second concert a performance of Mozart's K. 387 that was only a little better. K. 464 at the third concert was done by the Primrose Quartet, which again revealed technical and ensemble brilliance and finish, but in small-scale playing that tended to linger over phrases and prettify them, and that showed a loss in beauty of tone through the replacement of Oscar Shumsky by Joseph Fuchs as first violin.

The New Friends program this year includes a few other works of Mozart besides the quartets: Jan Smeterlin and members of the Primrose group gave a polished performance of the charming Piano Quartet K. 493; and at the first concert the best known Piano Quartet K. 478 got a performance which sounded as though the dull playing of members of the Budapest group and the pianistically and musically insensitive playing of Hortense Monath (surprising to me, since I recalled her sensitive playing in K. 493 a few years before) had been thrown together a half-hour before the concert. This year's program also includes the chamber music of Dvorak—which is understandable even on musical grounds alone; but what is beyond my powers of comprehension is the exhaustive survey of the chamber music of Mendelssohn. Balancing this apparently inevitable New Friends aberration are Schubert's "Schöne Müllerin" cycle, to be sung in its entirety by Lotte Lehmann; and Schubert's piano sonatas, Moments Musicaux, and Impromptus, to be played by Artur Schnabel, who I hope will be in better form than he was in his performance of Mozart's Piano Concerto K. 482 with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony.

The choice between the recent Columbia set of Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5 made by Beecham with the London Philharmonic and the new Victor set (828, $5.50) made by Ormandy with the Philadelphia Orchestra is a choice first of all between a performance which, shaping the work as Tchaikovsky directs and with the most distinguished musical feeling and taste, reveals it as the fine work it is, and on the other hand a performance which distorts the shape and meaning of the work with the customary exaggerated changes of pace and lurid phrasing. And it is a similar choice between restraint and excess in recording—a restraint which, as an Englishman remarked to me recently, may be due merely to the stolid conservatism that is a fault in the English character, but which gives the Beecham performance a recorded sound that my ears accept gratefully after the huge and brash brilliance of the Ormandy recording. This is best played with treble reduced and bass considerably stepped up.

Brahms's Double Concerto for violin and 'cello is characteristic of his large-scale symphonic works in the straining pretentiousness of the first movement, the saccharine of the slow movement. Those who like it will, I think, like the performance by Heifetz and Feuermann with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy, the recorded sound of which is richly sonorous but also requires the treble to be reduced and bass stepped up (Set 815, $4.50). I have not been able to compare the new version with the old Thibaud-Casals one; but I recall thinking the old one very fine, and must regret that it has been cut out of the catalogue. A reader writes that some of the "great withdrawn sets . . . can occasionally still be had: I bought this summer some brilliant Schubert discontinued by the insensate companies, the Budapest set of the D minor Quartet and the Cortot-Thibaud-Casals set of the Trio Op. 99." Only the Cortot-Thibaud-Casals recording of Beethoven's Trio Op. 97 remains; and you would do well to get it while it is to be had. Also Casals's wonderful recording of Beethoven's Variations on a theme from "The Magic Flute."

Mozart's Concerto for horn K. 447, which is built on a small scale but out of unusually good musical substance for this type of work, is beautifully played by Brain and the B. B. C. Symphony under Boult and well recorded except for an occasional wiry fortissimo (Set 829, $2.50). Enesco's two Rumanian Rhapsodies are excellently played and recorded—No. 1 by Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, with more verve than by Stock in the recent Columbia set, No. 2 by Kindler and the National Symphony (Set 830, $2.50). I find these pieces more enjoyable than Kodaly's treatment of similar material in his

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Dances from Galanta, which are to be had in a good performance by Fiedler and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra that is astonishingly well recorded—without the usual harshness of Boston "Pops" recording (Set 834, $2.50). And the set of Kallinikov's melodious Symphony No. 1 made by Sevitzky and the Indianapolis Symphony (827, $4.50) is good.

If you are curious about the famous singers of the past you can hear Titta Ruffo's powerful voice in his 1920 recording of the Drinking Song from Thomas's "Hamlet," in the set (816, $5.50) "Voices of the Golden Age of Opera"; on the reverse side of this disc (18140) is Sembrich's 1908 recording of the first-act aria from "La Traviata," which gives us singing of no great sensuous beauty but of great steadiness and purity and superb style. Farrar's 1909 recording of "Un bel di vedremo" from "Mme Butterfly" (18141) reveals the lovely voice that was wrecked in so few years; on the reverse side Dalmorès's 1907 recording of the Flower Aria from "Carmen" reproduces a fine voice used with poor musical taste. Scotti's singing in his 1908 recording of the second-act aria from "Tosca" (dubbed on 18142) is wholly undistinguished; on the reverse side Gadski's 1907 recordings of "Dich, teure Halle" from "Tannhäuser" reveals a musicianship more impressive than her voice, which is good but without the astonishing beauty that it has in the recording with Caruso of the final duet from "Aida." You will hear an extraordinary flow of lovely sounds in Melba's 1910 recording of the Mad Scene from "Lucia" (18143); and on the reverse side Plançon's fine bass and distinguished musical style in a 1906 recording of an aria from "Le Caïd." Battistini's singing in his 1909 recording (18144) of a passage from "Don Carlos" is fine, but not as impressive as what I have heard in other recordings; on the reverse side what is labeled as Calvé's 1907 recording of the Habanera from "Carmen" will leave you wondering what all the excitement was about (but someone who knows both claims that this is not the 1907 but the 1916 recording). And this album impels me to ask for another that will include the following outstanding items: the Farrar-Scotti recording of "La ci darem la mano" and McCormack's of "Il mio tesoro," from "Don Giovanni"; Hempel's of "Deh vieni non tardar" from "Figaro" and "Der Hölle Rache" from "The Magic Flute."

B. H. HAGGIN

The Undiscoverables

[*Continued from page* 539]

One of the invitations to the funeral solemnities had been pushed into his hand.

Blinking at the handbill, Nunzio sidled round the corner and hid in the public convenience. Someone had scrawled *"A bassa la guerra"* over the new paint. He noted the words mechanically and set out for his own house. He loitered a moment at the rear of the Town Hall as he heard the shrieking of wild blasphemies in the prisoners' cell. Then, as heavy-shod feet clattered in the passage leading to the cell and his colleagues shouted "Don Paulo" in solicitous alarm, Chiesa walked away frowning. He heard Mori screaming orders that the Maniscalcos were to be shackled hand and foot, and, waiting, he heard the whip lash as it struck walls and floor and flesh. Wild screaming broke out, of rage, of pain, and of hatred, and in the three screaming voices there was despairing grief also.

"They have lost their father and he has lost his son." Chiesa murmured. "And I lost my son also."

He heard the guard officer's whistle blow. Narrowing his eyes, suddenly alert to his own position, Nunzio Chiesa walked on. On his own doorway the words *"A bassa il fascismo"* had been written in black pitch. The words had been partly scratched away. Beneath them in blue pencil, unobliterated, were other words—"Down with the Fascist Chiesa."

Emilia, Chiesa's half-blind wife, was not at home. He had wanted to open his heart to her, to the wife he had neglected and who of late had neglected and even reviled him. Nunzio set out by the back streets for Albanese's house. But seeing the scrawled phrase "Down with Albanese" on the wall, he did not knock upon the door but wandered out to the lemon grove and lay down in the shade of St. Agrippina's shrine and slept. When the bugles and the throbbing, rhetorical voices resounded from the piazza beyond the houses, he got up, brushed the red dust from his breeches and shirt, and strode toward the valley head, away from the town. The lemon groves were silent except for the cicadas whirring among the leaves. The silence was sadder than the melancholy bugling that, robbed of its martial vigor by the distance, oppressed him with an overwhelming sense of futility. He listened for the sound of perhaps one man who might be working in the groves. The sunlight glistening in the leaves, the dry air quivering over the stony tracks, the cloudless sky, and the one hawk wheeling above the valley became unbearable. There was no comfort here, and he was tempted to return to the tawdry ceremony of meaningless death. Again he set out in search of someone with whom he might speak and so drive off this solitude. No one was working in the groves except an old woman minding a solitary tethered goat. She was turning over a little heap of tomato paste on a wooden board.

"Too early to make paste," he said aloud as he passed her, barely noticing her identity.

"And *who* says it's too early to make tomato paste?" the woman said, with disproportionate hostility. Even so, a shock of relief darted through Chiesa's mind. The old woman would enter into a dispute about tomato paste, would she? Very well, let it be tomato paste, then.

"*I* say it's too early, Signora."

"And if the good Lord ripens my tomatoes, in spite of all there is to disgust even the little tomatoes, who are you to say I cannot make tomato paste?" She screwed up her face and put her head on one side. Before he could reply, she shouted, "And if I *am* making tomato paste who are you to say I shall *not*, Blackshirt?"

"Nobody says you shall not, woman." He answered patiently.

"Praised be God for his prodigious mercies," the old woman ejaculated contemptuously. "So I am making my tomato paste."

"Well, make it, then. But it won't be good paste." Irritation was breaking down Chiesa's forbearance and annulling his relief.

"Honest men shall tell me whether it's good or not."

"Why haven't you gone to the funeral, eh? Old woman?"

"The funeral, bah. I mind my own business as I beget my own children and bury my own dead. And I make my own tomato paste. And I like to choose my own company, Blackshirt."

"Damn your paste," he said angrily, and turned toward the silent groves.

Out of her bundle the woman took a copy of the throwaway. "See, Blackshirt." She pretended to blow her nose on the invitation and cast it from her. Chiesa shuffled on.

"And go and tell Mori Mother Spatu is making tomato paste while his squirt of a Don Antonio fries in blazing hell like a clove of garlic in a hot pan."

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Then Chiesa remembered that the old woman, Maruzza Spatu, was a suspected character, that she had made two mysterious visits to Messina, the turbulent city. It was odd that Lucia Spatu, her daughter, should be a servant in Mori's house. Well, Lucia is good-looking, Chiesa thought, though there was nothing in that talk. The thought, coming to him out of the professional interests of past years, wearied him instantly, as if the tedium of years was concentrated in it. He swore sullenly.

Nunzio Chiesa walked on at a slower pace, going nowhere in particular. As dusk was falling, he found himself at the foot of the stony path that mounted to his abandoned farm. A bird sang in the ilex clump, as a bird had always sung at this hour.

"Eh, it's beautiful," Chiesa sighed, looking back over the lemon trees to the gilded town and iris-hued sea beyond. The bird flew out of the solemn grove as he climbed the path. Once, long ago, the birds would not have been startled even by his cries to the straining mules.

A hundred paces below the house Nunzio Chiesa turned aside to the well, about which he and Emilia had quarreled so much because it was so distant from the house. Its water, though the cord and bucket were gone, was still sweet. He sniffed at the cool air in the shaft and reached down and touched the plants that grew out of the stones of the shaft.

"Sweet and fresh as a sacrament," he said, and the short tubby echo prompted him to shout other words into the well. He wanted very much to drink a cup of its water and, less melancholy now, sat down upon the edge of the well-top. Around him were the medlar bushes, grown thick and untidy. The medlar bushes had cast an afternoon shadow. The nearness of water had been a comfortable thought; so that often he had taken his evening leisure here, sometimes with Emilia, but more often without her. Now he spied a battered can with a length of fence wire hidden in the medlar bushes.

"The shepherds or the laborers at Four Carobs put it here," he thought, "so that they can drink on the way to the town."

The water was cold and sweet. By the dear Lord and his kind Mother, there was no such water in all San Filippo. He held up the can and poured out a twisting thread of water. How clear, and how it shone! He drew more from the well and sipped it again. How much refreshment there was in the old place! The laborers, going down to San Filippo . . . the thought stopped. Eh, but the well was too near Four Carobs for the laborers to stop here! Well, then, the *latitante,* the men hiding in the hills. He stood up and nodded in confirmation of his thought. The men hiding in the hills, of whom, rumor said, there were still many. And more than rumor. There were scores who had refused to be conscripted during the Abyssinian war. He thought of the dry wheat lands and the far-off unhappy Lentini lake and the lava wastes, and the dry heaths where only grasshoppers made lively even the cooler hours. Men, under cover of darkness, came here out of the brazen hills to drink at his well. And they ate the medlars. Perhaps a few of his other trees still bore fruit. What a life, cowering under rocks out of the sun! He remembered how he had been nearly stricken down by the sun that had sickened him more than the goat boy's stones. Thirst, the hunted man's enemy. Chiesa peered into the can at the clear water, shook it, and lifted it to his lips and drank deeply. How good was the water of his well! How much comfort the wretched *latitante* must find in it!

He rolled up the wire and carefully hid the can in the medlar trees and nodded his head as he turned away. Thinking of the few sources of water in the hills, he walked to the house. The padlock that he himself had placed on the back door had been broken, and he entered the dark kitchen. Men had been here, too. Little fires had been built on the stone floor. He went from room to room, standing in the bedroom where Nino, his eldest son, had been born and where Cosimo, his other son, had died.

Sadness overcame him, and for a few moments he was near to weeping. Nino, the fool, Nino, the stupid young man, had volunteered for the Black Flames and had been killed in Spain in his first battle. "Nino," he said aloud, and in his heart he cried, Why did you go, stupid Nino, you fool, you dear stupid Nino, little son.

The house became intolerable, and he went out into the fields, the small, impossible grasshopper paddocks as people had called his fields, where even in the good years it had been hard to make one's bread, if one paid the rent. And after the defeat of 1925, when the Fascisti had broken the Mafia and the peasants' organization, they all had had to pay their rent.

The marjoram and the wild herbs had invaded the fields; yet the furrows had not totally sunk into the earth. In the darkness he felt for them with his feet, pressing the earth to discover its undulations. The walls that kept back the goats were falling down. The unpruned fruit trees beyond the stone pile were grown thick. He could not see the stars through their leaves. Even at their ripest the fruit would be small and sour, untended by the preserving hand of a farmer.

Beyond the trees lay the Long Fields, as he had called them, where once he had raised his thin crops of wheat. Well, malaria had not much plagued them on these dry heights even though the wheat fields had ill repaid him. Then the new taxes and the death of Cosimo and Emilia's failing courage and the hunger of the two bad years had at last broken his will, and he had gone to the town to arrange the sale of his few tools and the one remaining mule. No one had leased the land, and he had had to pay the next year's rent out of his crop yield. But Mori had offered him work, and in the following year he had made the best of it and joined the Fascio. It had not been merely the proffered wage. The Battle of Bread, as the newspapers and the orators called the Duce's campaign to raise wheat production, though wheat was a rich man's crop, had turned his head, or at least had comforted his conscience. And who cared in the world? Where, in any land, had the peasants ever got an extra mouthful of bread out of their broken heads and exiled sons? Well, the insurance rates had fallen when agitation had ceased, and Mori, who as head of the Mafia had taken his toll of the marchese in the old days, pocketed part of the difference. And he, Nunzio Chiesa, had drawn wages from that toll, for at first he had been Mori's private employee. They had eaten through these years. Had the peasants? The Chiesas had eaten meat, five times a week, and fish, even though in the death of Nino they had paid the extremest price. He shrank from the thought, striving to put it away from him, insisting, against his inner voice, that once he had been frantic to exchange his plow for a few strings of onions.

In the darkness he stumbled against the plow, which no one at the sale had been willing to buy even for the few strings of onions. He gripped the plow handles, and the tears came into his eyes. Lord Jesu, he groaned, and in his sudden desperation stamped his feet in the desiccated earth and thrust his belly forward, with all his strength driving at

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Letters to the Editors

Who Deserted What?

Dear Sirs: I realize that it makes little difference to you, since you can undoubtedly snare some war-hawk into taking my place on your next year's subscription list, but the fact that I am not renewing my subscription to *The Nation* means a lot to me. It is always distressing to end a long and deeply cherished friendship.

In your present intransigent mood I presume it is useless to point out to you that to me, and to a great many former *Nation* supporters of my acquaintance, you seem to have deserted every fundamental principle for which *The Nation* once fought so gallantly. If at this time, before even the actual declaration of war, you can throw overboard in hysterical panic the old cargo of tolerance, integrity, and passion for freedom which the paper carried through the years in which I used to look for its appearance with genuine eagerness, I don't like to think about what's ahead. The days to come will be trying enough without paying to be a witness to the further disintegration of what was once a great liberal force in this country.

MC ALISTER COLEMAN

Westport, Conn., November 19

[In the absence of a bill of particulars, it is impossible to take issue with Mr. Coleman except on one point: his parting with *The Nation* does make a difference, and no "war-hawk" can take his place. Some day, we believe, he will realize that it is he who has changed, having abandoned his internationalism for the view that we can save democracy here by throwing the workers of Europe and Asia to the wolves. Stalin once thought he could build socialism in one country, and Mac Coleman laughed at him.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

To George Viereck (Personal)

Dear Sirs: I have addressed the following open letter to George Sylvester Viereck:

George Sylvester Viereck: You have sent me a "Statement" marked "Personal." If this means that you wish me to read it personally, your purpose is accomplished. If you mean that you expect me to keep it confidential, you have shown less than your usual intelligence; for I too am a propagandist, and my propaganda is in a death grapple with yours.

It must be close to forty years since I first made your acquaintance in New York. You were a young decadent poet extremely proud of your cleverness, and when I made fun of you in "The Metropolis" you counted it good advertising. We have taken each other in that sporting spirit over a long period of time. Like many other trusting Americans, I hoped to promote a reconciliation of the nations after the first World War; so I consented to tolerate you again and accepted with a polite smile your pretenses of pacifism and humanitarianism. But then I learned that you were taking the money of Hitler, and when you wrote me a letter I gave you a straight answer that no man who took Hitler's money could be a friend of mine. If, after that rebuff, you send me a "Statement," you have no claim to consideration from me.

I do not have to make any charges against you. You are a registered Hitler agent, and I have read "Mein Kampf." For a period of twenty years I have watched the operation of the Hitler formula, that the bigger the lie the easier to get it believed. Now, in the six paragraphs of your "Statement" I observe you piling Lie-Pelion upon Lie-Ossa, and I am so familiar with the process that it hardly even moves me to smile.

As a youth of seventeen you were flattered when I was shocked by your moral depravity. Now, as a cunning secret agent, at the age of fifty-seven, you will be equally flattered by my appreciation of your perfidy. You, serving on the pay roll of the greatest slaughterer in human history, tell us: "I have worked for peace." You, head slanderer of our President, tell us: "I have tried hard to help the President keep his pledge." Pocketing the gold of the prince of treachery, you appeal to "friends of fair play." The choicest of dilettante blasphemers, you dare to say: "I shall not escape crucifixion." Sitting at ease behind your poison-gas machine, shooting deadly fumes of hate over the whole continent, you say: "I love the England of Shakespeare and Swinburne."

I could go on like this for many more paragraphs, but you know it all. Somewhere in the deeps of your perverted soul hides a shy and sensitive poet—for you were a real poet, even though you chose to embrace "the roses and raptures of vice." That poet is sitting in contemplation of what you are and what you are doing, and shudders with horror at what you have become. That poet knows that if there is anybody in America who is doing Satan's work you are the man; that if there is a Benedict Arnold of this war, you are he. If you had been in Germany and had attempted such work against Germany, you would have been shot in the first few hours. As a good American, I will be merciful and wish for you a life sentence in Leavenworth or Atlanta.

UPTON SINCLAIR

Pasadena, Cal., November 15

More About Eckhardt

Dear Sirs: Important documents that have recently come into my possession enable me to refute many of Paul Strasser's statements concerning Tibor de Eckhardt published in your correspondence columns on October 25.

Mr. Strasser seems to belong among those Hungarian Jews who dare not hope for a complete liberation but cling desperately to any apparition in which they perceive a "lesser evil" for their race. For them Tibor Eckhardt is such an apparition here in the United States. Although he formerly stood at the head of those who inaugurated the anti-Semitic government of Hungary, Eckhardt now promises to fight against Hitler and anti-Semitism. He asserts that though he accepted the first anti-Semitic laws, he did so out of consideration for the Jews themselves, and that in 1939 he fought against new anti-Jewish measures based on the Nürnberg laws.

A photostatic copy of the parliamentary report of March 1, 1939, now in my possession, proves, however, that Mr. de Eckhardt not only accepted these laws but demanded in a speech the deportation of all Jews who had entered Hungary since 1914. He also asked a reexamination of the activities of Jews who had settled in Hungary since 1867. For those Jews that could not be forcibly evacuated Mr. Eckhardt demanded a *numerus clausus* in all occupations, but chiefly in the field of the intellectuals. Thus it was not the Jewish capitalists who troubled him but the intellectuals.

Mr. Strasser's assertions about politi-

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cal conditions in Hungary are as wrong as his opinion of Eckhardt. With reference to his insinuations about the murder of King Alexander of Yugoslavia, it is admitted that the murderers were Pavelich's henchmen, but these henchmen had been trained and instructed for the task for years in Hungary under the supervision of professional officers of the Hungarian army. This was proved by the evidence at the two murder trials in France, as well as by photostatic documents presented at the League of Nations when Mr. Eckhardt defended Hungary against the accusation. Eckhardt, who at that time represented the extremely pro-Hitler Gömbös government at the League of Nations, could not deny that the murderer of the King, Vlada Tchernosemsky, was in possession of a passport issued by the state police of Budapest in the name of Rudolf Suk. Eckhardt pleaded "negligence" on the part of the Hungarian government, and the League of Nations absolved the Hungarian government. Mussolini was at least as guilty as the Hungarians, and if the League of Nations called Mussolini to account, it was feared that a danger of war might be created. This, however, does not lessen the responsibility of Eckhardt, who was not chosen as the defender of these "revisionist" methods without reason.

IGNAC SCHULTZ,
Representative of the Hungarian Minority in the Czechoslovak Parliament

New York, November 10

Technique of Democracy

Dear Sirs: For some years I have found myself in general agreement with the policies of *The Nation*. However, I have often wondered how much influence *The Nation* and similar publications have upon the structure of America. It has often seemed to me that too little attention has been given to ways and means.

This lack comes largely from the fact that the magazine is more concerned with world-wide problems than with their local manifestations. For example, you have frequently carried articles dealing with the failures of Continental labor and socialist movements, but all of us know that the A. L. P. in New York is well on its way toward being a flop too. How can we apply lessons learned from European catastrophes in time to avert one here?

Since your offices are in New York, I emphasize the local case. My real point, however, is that similar investigations, going beyond politics to sociology, economics, even cultural anthropology, should be made in many American communities. Your article on Mayor Jasper McLevy was a good one. Why not follow it with one about the U. A. W. and Detroit—the relationship of a great union to the city in which many of its members live? Or about Kenosha, Wisconsin, in which Socialists have brought a measure of A. F. of L.–C. I. O. unity? And what about the Democratic Party: does the actual picture suggest that it would be wise for liberals and laborites to work within it, or should they attempt to build state organizations like the A. L. P. leading to a national party?

I have said that in general I am in accord with the policies of *The Nation*. This statement must be made with one significant reservation: though obviously Hitler must be stopped I don't see his defeat as a solution to any problem save that of the German war machine. If we who believe in positive democracy are going to do any good in our world, we must master the techniques of social engineering. A little more space given to those techniques in magazines like *The Nation* would help. This would leave less space for relatively abstract discussions of the beauties of democracy. But what we need is tools, not exhortations.

WILLIAM C. GAUSMANN

Washington, November 15

CONTRIBUTORS

GABRIEL JAVSICAS is an economist who has studied and written in many European countries. He is now in the United States.

JAY ALLEN, well-known European correspondent, was imprisoned by the Nazis for four months because he attempted to cross the line between occupied and unoccupied France.

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LIONEL TRILLING, assistant professor of English at Columbia University, is giving a course of lectures on Shakespeare at the New School.

The Undiscoverables

[*Continued from page* 550]

the plow. Lord Jesu, Lord Jesu, he cried, and flung himself against the handles, seeking to drive the rusted share point into the earth. Nino, stupid young man, why did you go and be killed? Because you never told me the truth, Father Nunzio. Because you had lived down your shame, Father. Because I never knew I was to fight peasants hungry for a few strings of onions, Chiesa. *You killed me, Blackshirt!* Lord Jesu, my little Nino, you are dead in Spain. But I have blown the face off a Fascist with my rifle, Nino, through the flames that burned my old comrade Maniscalco. The one who gave you the little she-kid before you were old enough to play with it, Nino. The one, ah, Lord Jesu, who drank at our well even though we fought him about his cursed, marauding goats. All the men are gone from the world, Nino, all the men are gone except Chiesa, and there is none . . .

Chiesa drove at the plow, and the share point moved a few inches and grated against the stones. Sickness stirred up his stomach and the bile flooded his mouth. His body shook, and he leaned on the plow and closed his eyes. When the sickness had passed, he gazed around the starlit fields and muttered an oath. Then he held up his hand and repeated the oath calmly. He whispered it, though he was alone on the betrayed fields.

On his way down the path he turned aside and took the can from the medlar tree and drank from the well. Then he replaced the can. The moon rose as he raced through the lemon groves toward the town. As he neared St. Agrippina's chapel, a soft whistle rang out on his right, and he halted. The whistle, like a low bird call, was repeated. To his left another whistle responded. He moved into the shade of a lemon tree and waited, feeling the sharp pain of men's hostility. The bird call twice penetrated the night. Black forms moved in diverse directions from near the chapel. Then there was total silence. Chiesa breathed again and in the next instant clutched his shirt. His fingers dropped first to his pistol belt and then to his sides. He moved out of the shadow, resenting the bird call which at once was heard. He saw no one, and he did not look around as he passed the chapel and entered the town, but behind him the lemon trees seemed to breathe as they watched him vigilantly.

[*To be concluded next week*]

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